

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1880.

THE LAND OF THE HITTITES.



PLAIN OF THE JORDAN ABOVE JERICHO.

BEFORE threading the winding paths of Southern Palestine, or entering upon a description of any particular portion thereof, it may be well to take a bird's-eye view of the general aspect of the country of which the land of the Hittites anciently formed no inconsiderable part.

Palestine, like Greece, is a country of small extent of territory, and appears especially so when contrasted with the great events of which it has been the theater. In the north, the country is but some twenty miles wide; in the south, its widest part, it barely stretches to ninety; thus yielding an average breadth of about fifty-five miles. Its extreme length is only one hundred and eighty miles. This is Palestine proper, the original Land of Promise—that portion

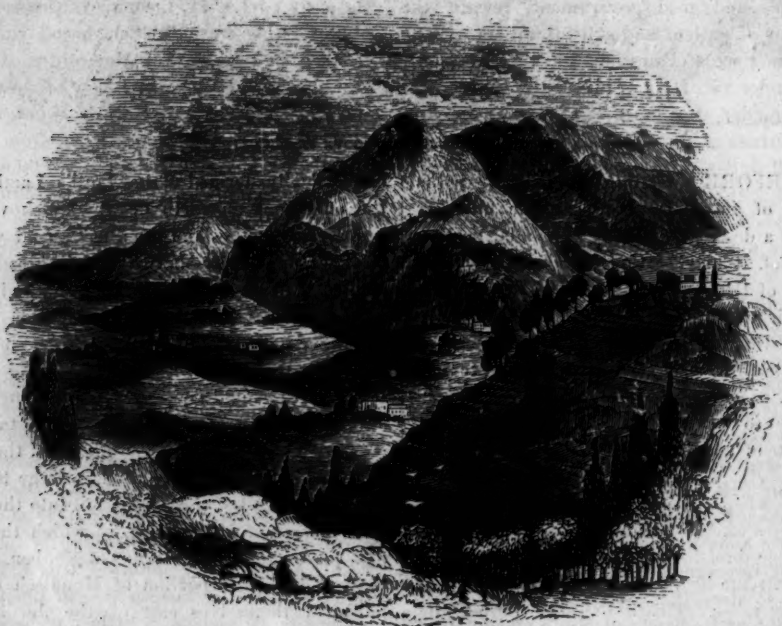
emphatically termed "the Lord's Land;" the only spot on earth of which Jehovah has declared "the land is mine." And yet on this limited area—but as a hand's breadth compared to most other countries—more important events have been enacted than on any other portion of the wide world. When, however, the Lord was about to make of Israel a nation, and for that purpose brought Jacob's descendants out of Egypt to take possession of the land he had promised their ancestors to bestow upon them, a large territory lying east of the Jordan fell into their hands by right of conquest, of which they took possession, and the tribes of Reuben, of Gad, and a large portion of Manasseh established themselves east of the Jordan. This gave to the Israelites an accession of

territory, which, while it added little or nothing to the length of the country from north to south, nor gave it any increase of breadth in the south, added largely to its width in the northern and middle sections, and increased the average breadth of the land to about sixty-five miles.

Even with this enlargement the country only attains an extent of ten thousand square miles—a measurement about equal to the territory of Massachusetts and Rhode Island united, or considerably less than one-fourth of the dimensions of the State of New York. The real surface is, however, much larger than the comparison would imply; for Palestine being essentially a hilly country, the slopes of the hills add somewhat to the available surface.

The southern part of Palestine abounds in such hills and valleys, the former being generally of moderate height and of every conceivable form. The bed-rock is chiefly of limestone, and readily disintegrates into soil, which, when upheld by low stone walls (as were once universal on those hill-sides), preventing the soil from being washed into the

valleys, rendered the hills cultivable in a series of long, narrow fields, gardens, or vineyards, from base to summit. Thus these hill-sides were enriched and beautified by a luxuriant growth of the olive, the fig, the grape, and other fruits, as well as such vegetables as were needed by the people, while the valleys bore exceedingly heavy crops of wheat, barley, and other cereals. But by the decadence of the Jewish nation, the ravages of war, and especially the driving away of settled inhabitants, came desolation and ruin. By degrees the terrace walls fell or were thrown down; the heavy rains washed away the unsupported and friable soil, until the upper portions of the hills, denuded of that which had clothed them with fertility, became naked and barren rocks. This is now the general character and appearance of this portion of the country; though here and there a spot is still found on which, a little unusual care having been bestowed, there is sufficient fruitage to suggest to the chance traveler how richly these hills once repaid the toil of the husbandman, and the abundance with which they may again, un-



TERRACE CULTIVATION.



BETHLEHEM.

der proper skill and culture, and under a stable and good government, reward the labor of patient and skillful toilers. "The more I see of Palestine," says an American traveler (J. D. Paxton), "the more I am persuaded that it was once one of the first countries of the world."

Of Judea proper, the most mountainous part is the country about Jerusalem, and between it and the head of the Dead Sea. More to the south the breadth of the country is less occupied by mountains, which are chiefly found in connection with the central ridge. Cultivation on the hills is most common for about half the distance from Jerusalem to Hebron; in the other half the uncultivated hills are more or less wooded. The only mountain in this section that can be seen from far is the Frank Mountain, about five miles south-east of Bethlehem. It was a fortified post of the Crusaders, and would seem to have been in those times almost impregnable, for, not only is it high, but so steep that Nan was obliged to dismount at its base and climb on foot to its top. Robinson was obliged to do the same.

President Bartlett, who was in Palestine in the early part of 1874, compares the section of country between Bethlehem and Hebron to the stony parts of New Hampshire, except that the rocks of Palestine, being limestone, and not as are those of New Hampshire, granite, rather aid than detract from the fertility of the country. Then, too, the singular variety of surface and of climate, caused by its constantly recurring elevated hills and deep valleys, make it capable of producing almost every kind of fruit, flower, and grain. He, too, concludes that Palestine must have been indeed a goodly land, "presenting to its children attractions beyond even those of Scotland, of Switzerland, or of New England."

The road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem runs through a valley of some six miles in length by an average breadth of a little less than two miles. Its direction is nearly south, the divergence being slightly to the west. About thirty minutes' travel from Jerusalem, on the eastern side of the road leading to Bethlehem, a little way back in the fields, and on the verge of the ridge,

stands the Convent of Mar Elyas (St. Elijah). As a matter of veritable history, scarcely excelled in Baron Munchausen, we mention the marvel of this place, namely, a smooth piece of rock opposite the gate, on which are found certain depressions, such as, were the rock sand, might be left by a human body reclining there. It is an indentation made by the sleeping prophet Elijah, when, fleeing from Jezebel, he sought this stone to obtain a little rest! Whether, when he awoke, he found the impression he had made on his

her burial, Jacob, then about to die, narrated the circumstance to Rachel's oldest son, Joseph, saying, "When I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath;" "the same is Bethlehem," has been added by some later hand, probably by Moses. "And," says the same historian, "Jacob set a pillar upon her grave." That pillar, possibly merely a rough stone shaft, would seem to have been standing at least some six hundred years afterward,



THE VALLEY OF THE SHEPHERDS NEAR BETHLEHEM.

stony couch, we know not. Can monkish credulity go beyond this?

Bethlehem shows to great advantage from this point; and the convent commands, too, a wide and picturesque prospect across the deep valleys of the south. Some ten minutes beyond, in a south-west direction, lies the tomb of the beloved Rachel. It is a plain Saracenic mausoleum, having no claim to antiquity in its present form, but doubtless marking the very spot which the afflicted patriarch chose as a final resting-place for his favorite wife. Some forty years after

when Samuel dismissed Saul, after anointing him as future king of Israel. (1 Samuel x, 1, 2.) But however humble the original "pillar" and its succeeding monument, they served to perpetuate a fact to which Jew, Christian, and Moslem alike give their adherence; and the site of Rachel's tomb is one of the few historic places the truth of which is rarely questioned. The precincts of the sepulcher are now used by the Turks as a cemetery. The desire which these people feel that their ashes may rest in this spot is described by Mr. Carne as "singular and ex-

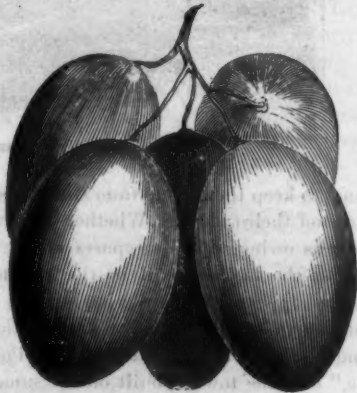
trene." All round this simple tomb lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mussulmans.

Let us diverge a little from the direct road to Bethlehem to note another scene connected in the mind of Bible students with the name Rachel, and which may as well, therefore, be here introduced. "Not four hundred yards from Rachel's tomb," says W. M. Thomson, "the guide showed us a heap of old rubbish, which he said was called Ramah." This tale Dr. Thomson regarded to be a modern invention. "One thing, however," he observes, "is certain, that if there was such a name attached to any site in that vicinity all obscurity would at once vanish in regard to that much controverted reference to a Ramah in Matthew ii, 18, 'In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not.' Whether this Ramah is in fact the one that existed in the time of Herod is problematical, but not, I think, the fact that there was such a place in that vicinity when Herod slew the infants in and about Bethlehem. Neither of the present well known Ramahs could be meant, they are too far off and separated from Bethlehem and from Rachel's tomb by other villages and intervening mountains and wadies. The name Ramah, in some of its forms, is applied to *any* place seated on a hill; and there may have been—apparently, in historic truth, *must* have been—one of them somewhere near Rachel's tomb." G. Robinson speaks of a village of Rama as lying about two miles westward of the tomb of Rachel. (Lacks confirmation.)

Rev. Dr. Olin describes the first appearance of Bethlehem as being "very striking and its environs as beautiful, though not well cultivated." The soil he accounts fertile, and the steep hill-sides and valleys he describes as "covered with figs, olives, pomegranates, and grapes." "This delicious spot," he says, "may perhaps be taken as a specimen of the general appearance of the hill country in the prosperous days of the Jewish state, and of what it might once more become under the fostering care of a good government, and of an industrious, civilized

population. But it is only under the walls of considerable towns that agriculture is now at all practicable. Within two miles of Bethlehem fields are permitted to lie waste which once employed and amply repaid the labor of a numerous peasantry. It is vain to till them; for the Bedouins, who are always in the vicinity, seize and carry off the fruit and corn even before they come to maturity. Even in broad daylight these marauders do not hesitate to drive their beasts through fields of wheat under the owner's eyes, and they graze their animals upon them without scruple. Of course, under such discouragements but little attention is paid to agriculture."

"As we neared the town of Bethlehem," says Hodder, who has an eye for the picturesque and a heart to be moved by association, "it looked the perfection of beauty,



GRAPES OF PALESTINE.

for 'distance lends enchantment' to a view nowhere more than in the Holy Land. None of us had need to be told 'that is Bethlehem.' Who has not drawn a picture in his mind's eye of the surroundings of that sacred place where the Savior of the world was born? I have for one, many a time, and strange to say 'the clairvoyance of the imagination,' as Sir E. B. Lytton calls it, was true. Bethlehem was *my* Bethlehem."

It is built upon a narrow ridge projecting eastward from the central mountain range, and the approach to the village is so steep that one traveler says the party with which he journeyed had to cling to their horses'



VALLEY OF THE KEDRON, LOOKING NORTH.

manes to keep themselves from sliding backwards off their saddles. Whether, however, this was owing to the steepness of the ascent or the lack of skill in the horsemen does not appear. The hill is bounded on the east, north, and south by deep valleys. Conder says in his "Tent Work in Palestine," that the town is built on the summit of two knolls, connected by a lower saddle. Constructed of grayish limestone, well built, square in form, and crowned with small domes, the dwellings rise above each other in somewhat regular gradations. The streets are few and narrow, and paved. Though not surrounded with a wall, Bethlehem has two gates, which are closed at night. From the gate at the western extremity to the Convent of the Nativity, which occupies the eastern end of the village, the distance is about half a mile. The entire length of the ridge is perhaps double this measurement. The population is almost entirely Christian, and is now estimated at about five thousand persons. It is a thriving modern town—the

birthplace of a faith that looks forward and not back.

"The tradition which fixes the grotto in the old Basilica at Bethlehem as the site of the stable where Christ was born, is," says Conder, "the most venerable of its kind in existence, the place being noticed by Justin Martyr in the second century. The tradition seems to me credible because, through this part of Palestine, there are innumerable instances of stables cut in rock resembling the Bethlehem grotto." In the monastery Latin, Greek, and Armenian monks find a common retreat, each of them having certain parts allotted to their exclusive use, while other parts are held by them in common.

Two spiral stair-cases lead down to the cave of the Nativity, twenty feet below the floor of the church. The cave is lined with Italian marble, and in a small recess near the eastern end of the grotto is shown the spot where the Virgin is said to have given birth to the infant Savior. In a small semi-

circular niche cut in the flooring is placed a silver star, said to be directly under the spot occupied by the star which had guided the Eastern magi when it stood in the mid heavens "over where the young child was." How the monks learned this wondrous fact is not stated.

East of Bethlehem is a narrow plain or open valley, with white stony slopes and a few crumbling ruins. It is here that Micah Eder, "the Tower of the Flock," is supposed to have stood; and where, according to Jewish tradition, Messiah was first to appear. It is said to have been on this plain that the angelic messenger appeared to the shepherd and that the Gloria in Excelsis was first sung, the choir being a celestial one. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

It was in this plain, doubtless, that the beautiful pastoral of Boaz and Ruth was enacted. (See Book of Ruth, chapter i, 22; ii, 23.) The Moabitish maiden had made

request of her mother-in-law, Naomi, to allow her to go, in accordance with the custom of the country and the law of the land (Lev. xix, 9, 10; and Deut. xxiv, 19-21), and glean ears of barley. The request was granted, and thus Ruth became acquainted with Boaz, her future husband, and ancestor of David and of Christ. This gleaning was the gathering of such ears of grain as fell from the hand of the reaper or binder. A similar practice prevailed until of late years in England, and was claimed by the gleaners as a right. It has been there decided, however, by the court of common pleas, that no such right can be claimed at common law.

Were I not already verging into the years that usually bring with them sedateness and sobriety, rather than gallantry, I might speak of the proverbial beauty of the females of Bethlehem. I may, however, quote the language of a younger traveler. "Every body," he says, "has heard of the beauty of the females of Bethlehem, but nobody has heard enough." One of this young traveler's companions says, "The girls of Bethlehem are charming!" He had been visit-



JEW'S WAILING PLACE AT JERUSALEM.

ing a family in which were two daughters—one about sixteen, and the other about seventeen years of age. "Such lovely eyes, dark and lustrous, such black, glossy hair, rich and wavy; such teeth of pearly whiteness; such finely rounded limbs, and every movement graceful! How I wished I could have spoken to them in their native tongue. They showed us the curiosities of their home, and their clever needle-work, with a frankness and modesty which an English lady might have envied." He is surely

sure to say it was an unavoidable accident. I suppose almost every one has, at some time, when standing near the verge, or passing along the edge, of a dangerous height, experienced an almost irresistible temptation to throw himself down headlong. I once heard it suggested that this was the Devil's temptation to our Lord when he took him to the pinnacle of the temple and bade him cast himself down. I have often seen places that are really worse; but I never traveled on any road, and certainly



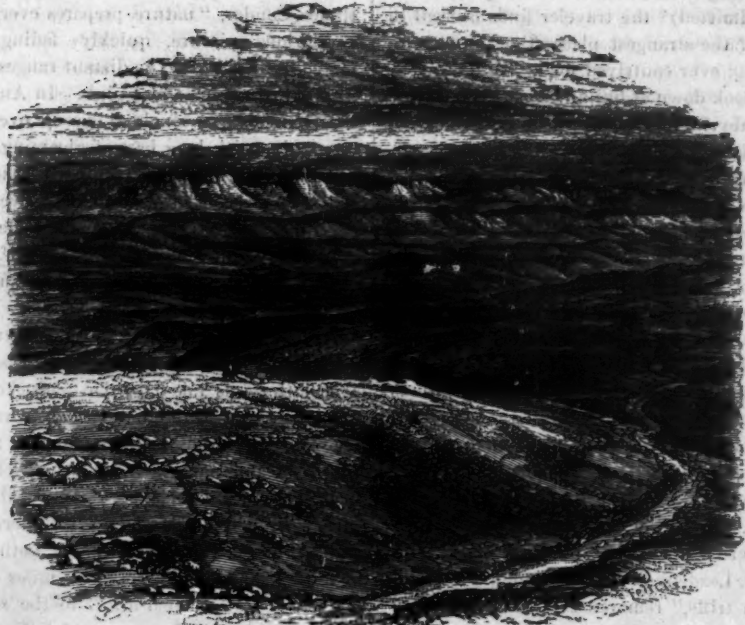
POOL OF BETHZAIH.

smitten. Ah, well, there is such a thing as love at first sight; whether this be such, the reader can determine as well as I.

"Half an hour from Bethlehem," says Mr. Hodder, whose course now lay through a wady running eastward, "we lost sight of pleasant groves and vine terraces, and soon after came into a desolate region, with bare, barren hills and gloomy ravines. There were places where you might commit suicide in a moment by just turning your horse a trifle to the left, and everybody would be

never on horseback, that seemed worse than the part of this road of which I speak. We went over worse places than these later in our journey, but nothing in Palestine impressed me with a greater sense of danger than the ride from Bethlehem to the gorge of Kedron."

The road from Bethlehem to Mar Saba is represented by President Bartlett as being exceedingly rough and circuitous, occasioned by the necessity of frequently skirting the hills, very much as one would have to do, who,



WILDERNESS OF JUDAEA.

ignoring the regular roads and fondly following sheep paths, should take a ride over the roughest hilly portions of Vermont and New Hampshire. Yet this roughness is not incompatible with singular fertility and productiveness when under cultivation. "On the way," says the president, "as we reached the sunny exposures, we could look down over the green slopes and declivities, perfectly brilliant with a carpeting of flowers of every bright color. I have never seen any thing to compare with the abundance and variety of this floral display." This was toward the close of March. Below we give another and very different picture.

After a while the traveler by this route strikes the southern edge of the deep gorge of the Kedron, which leads down eastward from the foot of the hills on which Jerusalem stands to the Dead Sea. On the southern side of this wild gorge stands the Convent of Mar Saba, a famous settlement of Greek monks. Bartlett declares it to be "the strangest building in Palestine, and one of the most singular places in the world. It is perched on the

very edge of the deep rock ravine, and is made up, inside and out, of an odd mixture of natural rock and masonry." Dr. Ridgway says, "It is such a mixture of rock and of buttresses, of nature and of art, that it is difficult always to tell where God's hand ceased and the hand of man began to work."

"The Mar Saba," says Conger, "clings to the side of a precipice some four hundred feet high, and is built up the cliff with huge flying buttresses to support the walls. The buildings are scarcely distinguishable in color from the brown crags on which they stand. The huge crevice (the ravine) which seems to have been rent in some great convulsion of nature, is bare and tawny, like the rest of the country. The silence of the desert surrounds it, and only the howl of the jackal, or the shrill note of the golden grackle—a beautiful blackbird with orange-colored wings, the note of which is beautifully clear, and is the only pleasant sound ever heard in this solitude—breaks the solemn stillness. The place seems otherwise dead."

Having entered the convent (no females are admitted)* the traveler finds himself in one of the strangest places that human ingenuity ever contrived for a dwelling-place. You look down at buildings and court-yards and labyrinths of passages, and up at curious holes in the walls with ledges in front, which are the cells and dwelling-places of monks. The place is full of mystery. You see men walking upon ledges of rock, and turning into holes in the walls, and you look upon a little garden hanging in the air, as it seems, looking wonderingly down into the chasm, in which are more buildings and chapels and cupolas. None but the initiated could ever find their way through these mysterious labyrinths, and once within those stony walls woe to him who would try to get out! Among the curiosities of the place visitors are allowed to see, none attracted the curiosity of Mr. Hodder as did an old clock "which had written on its face, 'George Clark, maker, Leadenhall Street, London.' I would give a trifle," remarks this gentleman, "to know the history of that clock, and to trace its adventures from the time it left the busy crowds of London until it took up its abode forever in the ravine of the Kedron."†

"The walls within the convent," says Conger, "are covered with frescoes, some old, some belonging to the time when the monastery, in 1840, was rebuilt by the Russian government. The floor of the church is paved with marble, the transept is closed by a great screen blazing with gold. The monks, whose pale, sad faces speak of ignorance and hopelessness, and sometimes of vice and brutality, are among the most degraded representatives of Christianity." Dr. Ridgway says, "They are far superior in appearance to those of Mt. Sinai." "Yet even for these poor outcasts, in this stony,

treeless, and almost lifeless wilderness," continues Conder, "nature prepares every day a glorious picture, quickly fading, but matchless in color. The distant ranges seem stained with purple and pink. In Autumn the great bands of cloud sweep over the mountains with long bars of gleaming light between, and for a few minutes as the sun sets a deep crimson blush comes over the rocks and glorifies the whole landscape with an indescribable glow."

The three travelers whose route and description are above given, went from Bethlehem to Mar Saba. There is, however, a nearer and more direct route from Jerusalem. This latter was taken by Dr. Pococke. It lies all the way through the Kedron valley. He says, "We went to the south-east, along the deep and narrow valley in which the Kedron runs. It has high rocky hills on each side, which are shaped into terraces, and doubtless produced formerly both corn and wine. . . . About six miles from Jerusalem we ascended a hill to the south, from which we had a prospect of Zion, the Mount of Olives, and Bethlehem. We then went about an hour on the hills, and, descending a little to the south, came to a lower ground, where we had our first view of St. Saba. Then turning east, in less than a mile from there we arrived at the convent."

"If the road from Bethlehem to Mar Saba is so bad," asks Hodder ("On Holy Ground," page 112), "what can be said of the road to the Dead Sea, which is worse?" Why, surely, that it must be bad enough! After five hours' travel among naked gray ridges and naked gray ravines, a scene burst on the view of this party, "which," they say, "might reasonably take away the breath." "Before us stretched the long chain of the mountains of Moab, like a huge blue wall; beneath it lay that great and melancholy marvel, the Dead Sea. It was a view which I had not expected, never having associated the idea of beauty with the Dead Sea or the wilderness of Judea; but from the height on which we were the effect was really very fine."

The outline of the mountains of Moab, as seen in the peculiar atmosphere of the Holy

* "It was a source of great vexation to the ladies of our party to be obliged to remain outside the convent until our explorations were over, for these unnatural creatures glory in the fact that never, under any circumstances whatever, even of distress or danger, have they admitted any member of the gentler sex to enter within their walls. God help them, poor fellows! they make a grand mistake."

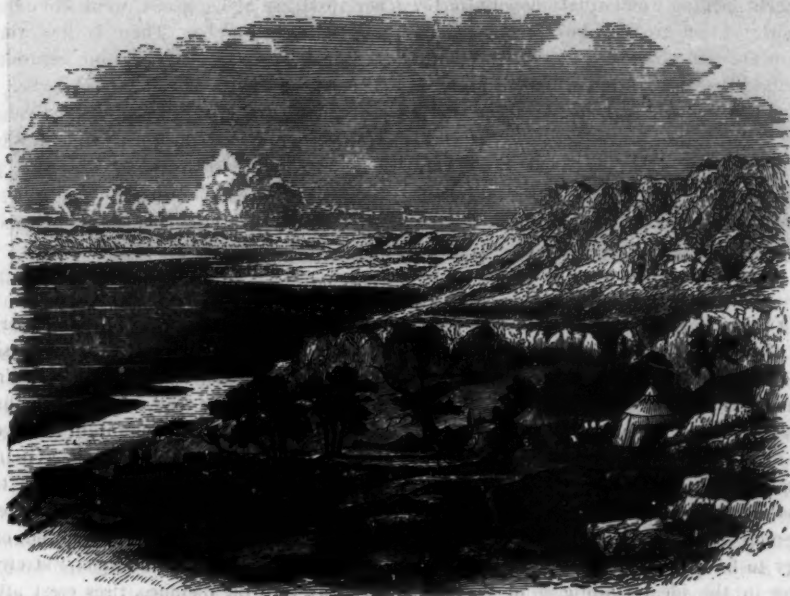
† There is here a library said to be rich in valuable manuscripts, but it is kept from the inspection of strangers. But a few Europeans or Americans have inspected it.

Land, would redeem any view from taimeness. "I have seen them," says Mr. Hodder, "from great distances and close at hand; sometimes luminous with the golden light of sunset, sometimes dark and somber in the gloaming, oftentimes wearing that rich blue tone which painters introduce into their pictures, and which the uninitiated are apt to declare overdone with color; but always in whatever light and from whatever view, the hills were beautiful."

To illustrate the clearness of the atmos-

"We noticed, as we descended to the plain, what so many travelers have observed and described, namely, an exhalation like a white cloud rising from the sea, in exquisite relief with the dark blue of the hills of Monb behind it, and assuming at times a fantastic spiral shape.

"At length we reached the plain, and making our way through a strange jungle of curious vegetation—the most remarkable of all in appearance being a kind of reed with pods full of something like cotton



THE DEAD SEA, LOOKING SOUTH.

phere we have the following: "After we had been more than an hour approaching the sea, which seemed very near, one or two of us, tired of riding, gave up our horses and took to our feet for a stroll. We thought half an hour must certainly bring us to the shore; but distances are so very deceptive in Palestine, that an object ten miles away seems sometimes to be but comparatively a stone's throw off. So we found it on this day; for after a six miles' walk under a burning sun, we were glad to get on our horses again, for our destination seemed as far off as ever.

wool—we came to the shore of the lake. Here, again, I was 'agreeably disappointed,' and looked in vain for the awful gloom and deathliness I had expected to find. The shore was not strewn with masses of dead and whitened trees; the water looked bewitchingly bright and beautiful and reflected every minute detail of the surroundings as in a burnished mirror. But this was a first impression. After an hour or so upon its shore I experienced its awful stillness and *felt* the absence of life. I can not define the solitude of the place. There is a something which you *feel* more than you *see*."

TYROL AND THE LAKES OF ITALY.



THE WARTZMANN, OVERLOOKING BERCHTSGADEN.

TYROL lies to one side of the most thronged routes of European travel, and is all the more interesting for that to lovers of nature and of simple customs. Modern fashions have intruded only to the edge of the main roads, while in all beyond the quaint life of the country is yet shown in its original purity. Even the guest at the grand hotels has only to step out of his buggy to find the people still dwelling and toiling in the ideal simplicity of pastoral mountaineers. Its mountains are over-topped, and there are grander glaciers elsewhere, but its natural features have a character and charms of their own; and its steep mountains, with often strange and fantastic forms, its roaring torrents, its deep valleys, at times swelling out into broad sweeps of plain, rich with the fruits of careful tillage, its quaint Alpine towns, with the ever present road-side crosses, the peasants, with their curious primitive costumes, caring for their little crops, frequently at the hourly peril of their lives, offer a succession of pictures full of beauty and never wanting in variety.

Tyrol is crossed by the roads leading from

Munich in Bavaria, and Salzburg in Austria, to the Northern Italian cities, and is easily accessible. We may enter it with Mr. Waring by the Salzburg road, and take our first glance at it from a little mountain inn overlooking the Valley of the Salzach. Guarding the entrance to the valley stands the lofty fortress of the Salzburg. Two great peaks come close up to the foreground, one on either hand; while behind them, "stretching away into the distance, rises crest after crest of the Salzburg Alps." The momentary fear that we have made a mistake in choosing this entrance to the beautiful land is not unnatural, for "we could not hope again to see such a combination of beauty and grandeur as this far-stretching fertile plain and yonder snow-clad peaks." But the fear is groundless, for nature is inexhaustible, and in whatever of her moods we may observe her, where man has not marred her, we may take each successive scene, while we are loath to give up the last one, as a fitting and grateful substitute for it. With the present travelers, "the fear abated before a day had passed, and it never returned."

We may take our choice of a variety of

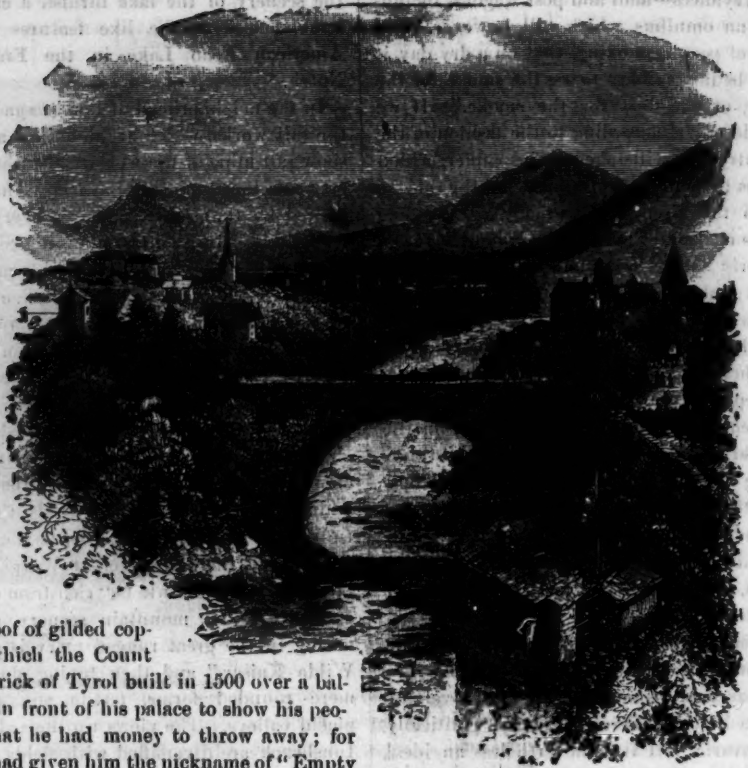
conveyances—mail and post wagons, including an omnibus, which will, however, be so full of people smoking, that on a dry day it will be impossible “to see the smoke for the dust, or the dust for the smoke.” If we would travel according to the fashion of the country, we will take an einspänner, which seems to be to the Tyrolians what the calèche is to the French Canadians, or the one horse chaise to the New Englanders. It is a queerly shaped vehicle with a comfortable back seat for passengers, while the driver sits with his feet resting on the whiffletree; the horse is fastened to the left side of a pole and pulls with a cross-wise traction. The passenger will have to get accustomed to frequent halts to bait the team, but he should not be impatient; for as he saunters along he may enjoy the study of the people and their customs—and “time thus spent at way-side inns, among costumed peasants, here in the foot-hills of the great Alpine chain, is time gathered for the memories of all future years.”

This particular excursion we are on, from Salzburg to Berchtesgaden and the Königssee, has been pronounced the most lovely of all excursions. Berchtesgaden is politically in Bavaria, but it is nevertheless an ideal Tyrolean village. It overlooks broad and rich farms in the valley below it, and is itself overlooked by the gigantic Watzmann mountain. Appearing to have pleasure for its chief industry, it produces a rare impression on the stranger, with a suggestion of theatrical effect. The Königssee is three miles away, lies two thousand feet above the sea, and is inclosed by mountains which rise almost vertically from its shores to the height of from six to eight or nine thousand feet. The excursion boats are generally rowed by women. Our party has “a comely, wiry-armed damsel, and two tough-sinewed, bare-kneed, cock-feathered young men, one standing at his oar after the manner of a gondolier.” The principal landing is at St. Bartholomae, a royal hunting chateau, where one may eat the Saibling or lake trout, and drink, for the benefit of the royal treasury. Every boat carries some kind of a gun, to be fired off and awaken the echoes; this and

the scenery of the lake furnish a close resemblance with the like features of our American Echo Lake in the Franconia Notch.

In the neighborhood of Berchtesgaden are the salt works, which are described as “the show salt-mine of the world,” also the property of the king of Bavaria. They are visited by thousands of people every year, who, dressed in a fantastic mining costume, to please the theatrical taste of his majesty, not because it is necessary, are taken across an underground lake lit up by rows of miner's lamps, and made to ride on oddly contrived railways with odd cars, as they traverse its galleries.

Hence, by Pass Lueg, a marvelously deep cleft six miles long and often only wide enough for the river and the road, but which the Gisel railway threads through tunnels at its narrowest parts, to the Ziller Valley and the Inn River at Wörgl. The latter part of the route is “rich from end to end with grand mountain scenery, culminating in the great rugged marvels of the Wilde Kaiser,” and then toning down to mere rounded forms, fertile slopes, and placid valleys. The views up the valley to Innsbruck are diversified with fields of Indian corn, wooded slopes, old castles and modern houses, and the ever-present mountains. Innsbruck is a “bright, bustling, cleanly, handsome,” town, but annoyed by the strong winds which sweep down the gorges and fill the streets with dust. Such winds prevail, according to the official tables for an average of seventy-one days of the year, while of the other days one hundred and twenty are rainy, sixty-seven are quite cloudy, and only thirty-six are quite clear. The Maria Theresa Street, wide, and finely built, shows off to great advantage with the tall column of St. Ann, the triumphal arch of Maria Theresa, and the almost vertical wall of the snow-streaked mountains rising up “as if it were from the very heart of the town.” The two principal sights of this capital derive their interest, one from its curious story, the other from its historical associations and its merits and fittingness as an artistic composition. The *Goldenes Dach*



MERAN, FROM THE KUCHELBERG.

is a roof of gilded copper, which the Count Frederick of Tyrol built in 1500 over a balcony in front of his palace to show his people that he had money to throw away; for they had given him the nickname of "Empty Purse." It is beautiful in itself, and is still prized for its beauty, monument of folly though it is. The tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, in the court church, or Church of the Franciscans, is one of the finest works of the kind in the world. The sarcophagus, in the middle of the church, supports the figure of Maximilian kneeling before the altar. At the corners of the slab on which he rests are beautiful figures, and on the sides and ends of the sarcophagus are twenty-four reliefs in marble, representing prominent events in his life. Surrounding the sarcophagus stand twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of members of the emperor's family, his chosen friends, and the heroes he admired, including Clovis, king of France, Rudolph of Hapsburg, Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, King Arthur of England, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Ferdinand of Aragon.

The Tyrolean patriot, Andreas Hofer, is

buried in the same church, his remains having been taken here in 1823. His story is a touching one, and is familiar. A simple country innkeeper, he rose to defend his country against the invasions of Napoleon, and with his little army drove the enemy out of the valleys five times in a single year. After a signal victory at Isel Berg, he was, in the absence of the Austrian chiefs of the land, made governor of the country, and ruled it from the royal palace for five dollars a day. The emperor of Austria gratefully acknowledged his services with a gift of golden ornaments and a coat of arms; but he refused to believe that peace had been declared, and, continuing to resist the French for a few days too long, was overcome, betrayed, and delivered to Napoleon, and shot by his order. He is only a modern hero, and that only of a year, but no man has been more honored. His statue represents him as a

Tyrolese peasant, with a rifle on his shoulder and a banner in his hand. His portrait in the museum "represents a sturdy Teutonic countryman, gorgeous with the embroidery and green and red of the costume of the valley." Tablets have also been put up in memory of his companion leaders and a monument to those who died with them.

In an adjoining chapel are the graves of Ferdinand II, Count of Tyrol, and of his wife, Philippine Welser, the daughter of an Augsburg merchant, who was considered the handsomest woman of her time, and "whose virtues and gentle character no less than her beauty so fixed her memory in the hearts of the people that she is as real a personage to them now as when she lived among them three hundred years ago."

Some travelers complain that Tyrol too is becoming contaminated by the rush of fashionable tourists, bringing new and strange customs and uprooting the old. The influence of the throng seems to be as yet only superficial. The grand hotels, where the waiters wear white neck-ties and swallow-tailed coats, do not dominate the land; and even in much frequented inns, the waiting is yet done by the mistress and her girls, the old customs of kitchen and table are adhered to, and the prices are so low that they can not have risen. In the busiest street of Innsbruck and about the Kursaal at Meran, "broad necklaces, bright colors, bare knees, and hat feathers are by no means exceptional. In the side streets of either town there is no more suggestion of any foreign influence than there was before railroads had been invented." The curious and picturesque costumes of the land are conspicuous every-where. The dress, particularly of the women, varies in the different valleys. Generally it is to be seen in its fullness only on Sundays and feast days; but in some parts the people wear it on week-days, although most often, as is the case the world over, it is "sobered by the rust of long use." The women, after the fashion of whatever valley their dresses may be patterned, depend upon bright colors and jewelry. The men's dress "resembles that with which we are familiar only in coat and shirt. The

breeches are of black leather, with green cord down through the seams and green embroidery at the hip and knee; they reach only to the top of the knee, and are so loose that in the sitting position half the thigh is exposed. No stockings are worn



MALE TYROLESE COSTUME.

under the heavy hobnailed shoes, but a very thick woolen stocking leg, often ornamented with green figures, covers the calf, the top being rolled down over the garter. For the length of about six inches at the knee the leg is quite bare, tanned, ruddy, and hirsute with life-long exposure in a climate of great Winter severity." The hat is decorated with feathers at the back, usually the half of a black-cock's tail. Every man and boy, we are told in the guide-books, smokes, and we must never expect to meet one without his porcelain pipe and a red or blue umbrella, which the women also carry as universally. The girls wear a little jaunty cap, or a leghorn hat with an immense brim, and dresses generally dark, and nearly always short; and while some of the costumes appear very coquettish, others are stiff and formal, and some have even a classical correctness. In one of the neighborhoods of the Ziller thal, the women wear



TYROLESE WOMAN.

thick gold or silver tassels lying on the front part of their hat brims, and carry a carnation or other bright flower over the ear. Even travelers catch the mania for picturesque costumes; and, says Mr. Waring, "it is especially pleasing to see a staid, smooth-shaven Englishman, who at home would reprehend the wearing of any thing less than a stiff hat, unbend his rigid lines, deck himself with light and rolling felt, and sport a cock-feather or a bunch of Edelweiss at his crown. It is good, too, to see his sidelong glance at the mirror, and the little wreath of pleasure that winds about his lips at the thought of such rare indulgence."

The peasants pursue their hard husbandry on the richer lands, far up the mountain valleys, wholly regardless of danger. Grolman, in his "Tyrol and the Tyrolese," speaks

of houses in the North Tyrol which are built on such steep slopes that they have to be chained to the rocks; of villages where the people go to church with crampons on their feet to keep from slipping down the hills; and of one village—Moos—of eight hundred inhabitants, where more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the steep slopes of the pastures. Mr. Waring relates that on the day that he reached Cortina, in the Dolomites; a mother and her daughter and a young man were working in a hay-field in the neighborhood which slopes down to a high precipice, when the mother slipped, but was stopped by an obstruction. The young man had got down to her and was about to save her, when the child fell and carried them all over the fatal brink. The people have their rough sports, among which are wrestling and finger-hacking, or hooking the middle fingers of two persons together and twisting for a test of endurance at the peril of the joint; and their music, with its characteristic airs, and the national instrument, the bewitching zither. An inn-keeper at Fügen, in the Ziller thal—Samuel Margreiter, of the Gasthaus zum Stern—will be associated with pleasant memories to those who were the concert-goers of the last generation. He and his wife were members of Ludwig Rainer's family of Tyrolese minstrels, who charmed English and American audiences with their native airs and manners, and whose pleasant melodies were familiar on all our pianos. He is a handsome, hearty, convivial fellow, and a man of substance, to whom the traveler may be cordially commended, and boasts that he taught the Princess of Wales and the Princess Louise to play on his zillierphone, an instrument with wooden keys like the recently devised metallophone of the toy shops. The people of the Grödnertal have risen to prosperity by their special industry of wood-carving, in which every one engages. Each carver makes one thing, as a donkey or a cat or a soldier, but nothing else, with great skill, and their wares are to be found everywhere. The custom of setting up a cross at every place where a fatal accident has occurred, the use of the cross-form for guide,

posts, and the practice of putting up crucifixes and images of the Virgin for devotion, have filled the land with these symbols, each covered with a roof of boards at the top, and give the scene a religious aspect.

hundred feet in a distance of a little more than twenty-five miles. It is supported by great embankments and escarpments; and at one point the engineers have turned the little river Sill aside through a tunnel in



TYROLESE ALPINE GUIDE.

The railroad over the Brenner Pass from Innsbruck to Botzen is one of the most interesting railway routes in Europe. The line, nearly eighty miles long, reaches at its highest summit a point nearly four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and makes an ascent of nearly twenty-five

order to secure a more stable foundation for the road in the old bed of the stream. The road passes through twenty-two tunnels, one of them, near Gossensass, so curved that both its mouths can be seen from the car windows at the same time. The train pursuing the circuitous route through this tun-

nel accomplishes a descent of five hundred feet, when it is brought opposite the starting-point, and only a few hundred yards of direct distance from it. It is the horse-shoe bend of the Pennsylvania railroad made considerably sharper. The scenery grows more grand and wild as the train ascends the northern slope, and many points are brought in sight the historical interest of which varies in date from the time of the Romans to that of Andreas Hofer. On the other side, as the road follows the valley of the Adige, the scenery and the growing crops gradually assume a more southern aspect, until Botzen is reached, with its fields of Indian corn and trellised vineyards, deep in a valley thirty-five hundred feet below the summit of the pass, surrounded by cliffs of red porphyry. Hence we may go, by ein-spänner or diligence, having the pinnacles of the Rosengarten, one of the most characteristic groups of the Dolomite formation, in sight all the way to Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol. This is a far-famed health resort, lying in a luxuriant valley at the foot of the mountains, at a pleasant medium between a northern and a southern climate, between the upper and the lower levels. The invalid is chiefly attracted by the grape-cure, but he may take his choice of other cures, as the whey-cure, the cow-milk-cure, the sheep-milk-cure, the water-cure, the pneumatic-cure; and there is room for the well man, too. The banks of the Passier torrent are laid out as a park for guests, with a Winter promenade and sheltered basking-places on the sunny side, and cool retreats and rustic seats by the rapids on the shady side for a Summer promenade. All guests are expected to pay a weekly fee for the support of the Kursaal reading-room, brass band, etc.

A prominent point of interest is the old Schloss Tirol, the former residence of the princes of the land, which gave its name to the country. It stands on the spur of the mountain, twelve hundred feet above the town, and commands beautiful and varied views up and down the Adige, in which "the whole transition from the warm and fertile plains of the south to the dead region of

eternal snow is crossed by a mere turning of the eyes from left to right." The valleys are gardens of grapes and grain crops. The land is owned by the thrifty tillers, and the vines, grown on trellises, as in the Lombard plains, give a home-like charm to the landscape. Plentiful crops of all kinds are secured by means of a bountiful irrigation, and the fourth and even a fifth crop of hay of respectable yield is sometimes spoken of. "If I had learned no other lesson from my journey," says Mr. Waring, "I should be amply repaid by the realization it has given me of the great importance of irrigation, on the small scale as well as on the large; of the almost universal ability to make use of it in one way or another; and of the extreme cheapness and simplicity of its methods."

In the deep valleys of South-eastern Tyrol, in the Grödner thal and the system of which the Puster thal is the center, dwell curious mixed stocks of people who may have been descended from the refugees stranded in these recesses after the earlier incursions of the barbarians against the Romans, inheriting their peculiarities from former times. They have their own dialects of barbarous Latin speech intermixed with German and Italian and Spanish words, that have drifted in, which they cherish fondly. They have not been isolated during all this time, for they have sent out their adventurers and their Alpine wares everywhere, and are genuine Tyrolese, peculiar communities within a peculiar nation; but contact with the world has had no permanent effect on them. At Diestenheim, in a fine old chateau, at the mouth of the Tanfer's thal, was for years the Summer home of that pair of most home-like English authors, William and Mary Howitt. Mr. Waring, recording the impression left by the visit he paid to them, says that "One gets from an hour passed with them an insight into the happy possibilities of a ripe old age, and looks forward with a fresh interest to the time when one's own long down-hill of life shall bring good and sweet reward for the work of the busier years." William Howitt has since died, but his memory and his books will live long to cheer lovers of home. The Puste-



LIENZ, PUTTER THAL.

thal ends charmingly in a broad and fertile plain at Lienz, a lovely pastoral village dominated by mountains, at the entrance to the wild pass of Heiligenblut, where the priests keep a miracle, and at the foot of the ascent to the Franz Joseph höhe and the Gross Glockner, lord of the Tyrolean peaks.

The dominant feature of South-eastern Tyrol is the range of the Dolomites, lofty mountains with peaks of strange forms, castellated, buttressed, needle, and bayonet shaped pinnacles, "full of sharp angles, fantastic serrations, and knife-like edges." Similar forms are seen in the calcareous mountains as far down as the plain of Venetia and Lombardy, and at Lugano they are conspicuous in the Pyrenees, and are a frequent accompaniment of limestone ranges

the world over, but "only here in Tyrol have they their full characteristic effect." The central resort of the Dolomite region is at Cortina, a pleasant town situated at the foot of the great Mount Tofana, in a broad valley four thousand feet above the sea, having a delicious climate free from the chills of some other mountain stations and from the heat of more inclosed valleys. Near the village of Caprile, another resort, is the lake of Alleghe, which was formed in 1771 by a land-slide that buried two villages in the dead of the night and drowned two others by the sudden damming of the river. Another slide, a few months later, raised the waters away up the shore and caused a still greater destruction of property.

The Dolomites are named after Dolomien,

a French geologist of the last century, who first described the mineral Dolomite, a magnesian limestone, of which they are composed. Baron Richtofen believes that they are the work of coral polyps, and were formed in the bed of a deep salt sea, and raised by slow upheaval to their present elevation. He supports his theory by adducing the correspondence of their forms and surroundings with what is known concerning the coral reefs of the Pacific, the isolation of their masses from other corresponding formations, and a number of circumstances in their shape, situation, and surroundings which make it improbable that they were carved out, like most other mountains, by erosive or atmospheric action.

From *Piere di Cadere*, the birthplace of the great artist, Titian, is a day's drive by *einspänner* down a descent of nearly three thousand feet upon a stupendous mountain highway and across the plains to Venice. "The road now clung to the hill-sides, now zigzagged back and forth down the hill-side, or drove far up into a valley," and "often showed as a broad, white band far below us, and often as a terrace borne upon strong arches above us." The course lies down the valley of the *Pisve*, a swift-flowing stream, whose lumber driving and frequent sawmills employ many men, while the constant rectification of the course of the river and the maintenance of the frequent shoots through which the logs are driven occupy women with carrying stones in baskets at their backs. "Despite their hard life, they seem cheerful and careless and happy."

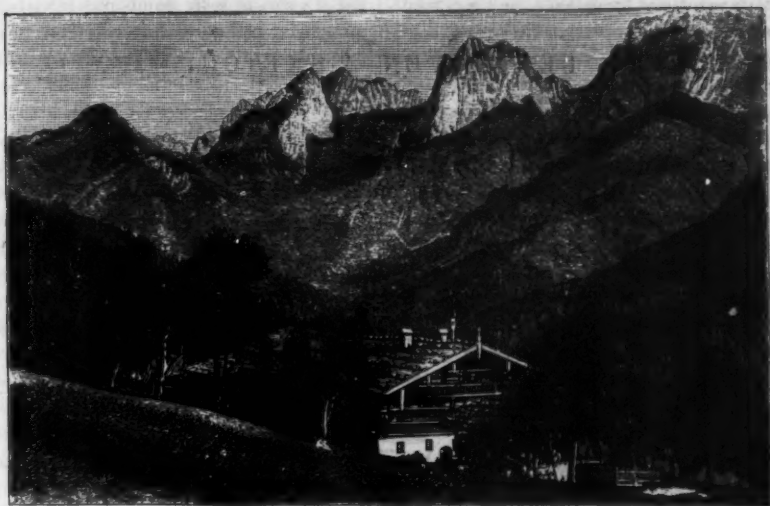
By rail from Venice to high-walled, deep-blue Lake Garda. This is the largest of the Italian lakes, and stretching from the plain of Lombardy into the heart of Austrian Tyrol, it derives interest along every mile of its journey from the villages, monasteries, chapels, and chestnut-groves which its shores reveal. The Ponale road clings to the overhanging precipices on its margin, and "is threaded through tunnels like a string through its beads," and in more than one place a stone dropped from its parapet falls yards out into the water, while the rock above overhangs the head. Some of the

villages of the lake stand on precipices apparently a thousand feet above the water, and one of them, Tremosine, a place of some importance, has no other means of communication than by a zigzag path which leads up the almost vertical rock from the steamboat landing.

The cultivable parts of the shore are occupied with gardens of lemons. These gardens are provided, for the protection of the trees in Winter, with tall, brick columns supporting a frame-work on which an inclosure of boards and glass can be made. They are so extensive and the pillars are so numerous in some places that a peculiar effect is given to the appearance of the shore as if it were marked by stages of basaltic pillars rising one above and behind another. Lake Como, the pet of poets and artists, has borne a reputation from ancient times as the most beautiful sheet of water, and still greets the visitor at every turn with "such wealth of beauty, of situation, of vegetation, and of scrupulous horticulture" as he had never conceived, and provokes him to commend it as "the best representation of veritable fairyland."

On the approach to Milan from Lago Maggiore, an unusually clear day gave full view to "one of the world's most majestic sights," taking in at one sweep the Venetian Alps, the Carinthian range, "the great Dolomites, the Gross Glockner, the Vertel, the entire range of Swiss peaks to Mont Blanc, with seven-peaked Monte Rosa in the foreground, the Cottian Alps, with their pyramidal Monte Viso, the Maritime Alps, the Apennines, and the Zuganean Hills," closing almost the entire horizon with the grandest mountain chain of Europe.

Our journey may fittingly close with a visit to some of the Waldensian parishes, where a people of the most rigid Presbyterian orthodoxy practice the severest frugality, "with a calmness and serenity that betokens an aim of life far other than physical improvement;" where "cultivated, enthusiastic, happy men and women, eager in the great pursuit of their lives, practice the genial graces of refined society, and exert a wide-spread influence, which is powerful even



THE WILDE KAISER.

against that of Rome, amidst an almost entire absence of the advantages which come of wealth, and which are so often regarded as indispensable." The pastor at Angrogna gets but little from his people, for they are all poor; he has only a small allowance from the synod, and the pressure of his pastoral duties does not permit him to earn any thing outside. A thin, simple wine, bread, cheese, boiled chestnuts, potatoes, and salad, with usually, but not always, meat on Sundays, are the best he has for his family and guests. "His parish reaches for miles back on the mountains and far up into steep and rugged valleys. Foot-paths and bridle-paths offer the only means of communication, and he is liable, day and night, Winter and Summer, in good weather and bad, to be summoned forth for a long, hard tramp to the house of a sick or dying parishioner. All this he describes as merely incident to a life of necessary and useful service, in which he is contented and happy." It is a wonder how the people live at all, their mountain soil is so poor, their climate and work is so hard; yet they have fought the battles of religious liberty for centuries, and have resisted the strongest assaults of papal force and craft—one of the noblest bands of religionists of whom history has a record. At a Sunday

service at Bobe, in the Pellice Valley, one of the famous places in Waldensian history, "the temple was a bare room, with unpainted pulpit and benches, where the women sat in one place and the men in another. The women wore a costume of which a white cap with wide double-fluted ruffles was a conspicuous part, the young girls—those who had not been confirmed—wearing black caps instead. The men were men whom I had known in my childhood in the orthodox Churches of Western Connecticut, smooth shaven—for Sundays—wrinkled, uncompromising countrymen. The older men generally wore blue jeans dress coats with metal buttons and high collars. When the Psalms were given out they took loud-clasping iron cases from their pockets, and put on their steel-bowed spectacles. . . . It was like sitting again among the hard-handed farmers who used to throng the old Congregational Church in New Canaan." The reading-service and singing were also like those of old-fashioned times in New England; and after the services the people lingered around the church soberly to greet each other, just as our country people do.

We are brought home again, even while we are still in the valleys of Piedmont, and among a people whose language is French.

BEETHOVEN—A SKETCH.



THE name of Beethoven is familiar to every lover of classical music. His wonderful compositions are the delight of every cultivated ear. Yet he whose mission it was to afford refined pleasure to millions lived a life which was little else than a romantic tragedy, begun amidst the most sparkling illusions of hope, and ended in the thick darkness of passionate misery.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN was born at Bonn, on the 17th of December, 1770. His father and grandfather were musicians, and very naturally he was reared amidst musical associations. Though he enjoyed the advantage of a public school and of an early acquaintance with German literature, yet his education was more musical than literary. His wonderful abilities were so highly appreciated by Count Von Waldstein that he prevailed on the Elector Max Franz to appoint him organist to the electoral chapel, when he was only fifteen years old. Shortly after he began to display his extraordinary talents by composing his first sonatas, which

caused him to be much admired, too much flattered, and which won him many valuable friends. The seven years, from 1785 to 1792, formed the "happiest portion of his life." He was generously patronized in court circles, moved in the best society, and was especially benefited by the friendship of a highly cultivated family named Breuning, the members of which were "his guardian angels." Nevertheless, his happiness had these drawbacks, his father's life was discreditable, and his own popularity led him to form friendships which wasted his time, and gave him such an inordinate love of flattery as rendered him impatient under the lash of even friendly criticism.

When twenty-two he went to Vienna, which was at that period "the central point of every thing great and sublime that music had till then achieved on the soil of Germany." His object in going thither was to put himself under the tuition of the renowned Haydn, who speedily perceived that Beethoven was no ordinary pupil, and

prophetically exclaimed, after his ening to his extemporized performance on a given theme,

"This youth will some day make a noise in the world!"

This prediction was speedily fulfilled. The aspiring composer at once attracted the attention of a distinguished physician and patron of the musical art, named Van Swieten, and of a powerful nobleman named Prince Karl Von Lichnowsky. The latter pensioned him and, with his family treated him so kindly, that the capricious artist speaking of them at a later period facetiously said:

"They would have brought me up with grandmotherly fondness, which was carried to such a length that very often the princess was on the point of having a glass shade put over me, so that no unworthy person might touch or breathe upon me."

Aided by such patronage, by the instruction of such artists as Haydn, Schenk, and Albrechtsberger, and by daily contact with the best musical talent in Vienna, Beethoven's genius soon shone forth with such dazzling splendor that his name became "a general passion, to which every thing gave way." The once obscure boy from Bonn became the "bright particular star" of the musical world in Vienna.

Unfortunately the growth of his eccentricities kept pace with the development of his rare genius, and transformed some of his virtues into great faults. He had, for instance, a profound contempt for rank and wealth in themselves. To him manhood was greater than either, a prince was nothing unless he were "humane and benevolent." He measured men by their minds, not by their rank or possessions. This was right. But when he permitted this feeling to make him rude to his inferiors, disrespectful to his superiors, exacting, sullen, and passionate toward his associates, it became abnormal, offensive to others, and promoted the growth of tendencies in his character which ought to have been eliminated, but which, being cultivated, contributed largely to the misery of his maturer years.

It was a sore trial to England's greatest bard when blindness fell upon him like a

thick cloud, but this great artist was stricken by a still greater sorrow. He became deaf. At first his hearing was but slightly affected. Unskillful medical treatment aggravated it, and he became so deaf as to be unable to converse, or to hear audible music. To a musical artist what could be a greater affliction? The intensity of his sufferings are expressed with tragical emphasis in a document written by him in 1802, at a time when he supposed himself to be in a dying condition. In this melancholy paper he says:

"I have been attacked by an incurable complaint. . . . I was forced to renounce the diversions of society and to pass my life in seclusion. If I strove at any time to set myself above all this, oh how cruelly was I driven back by the doubly painful experience of my defective hearing. . . . Almost alone in the world, I dare not venture into society more than absolute necessity requires. I am obliged to live as an exile. . . . Though hurried away by my fondness for society, I sometimes suffered myself to be enticed into it. But what a humiliation, when any one standing beside me could hear at a distance a flute . . . I could not hear a sound! Such circumstances brought me to the brink of despair and had well-nigh made me put an end to my life. Nothing but my art held my hand. Ah! it seemed to me impossible to quit the world before I had produced all that I felt myself called to accomplish. And so I endured this wretched life, so truly wretched. . . . O God, thou lookest down upon my misery, thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures and a disposition to do good! . . . O Providence! grant that a day of pure joy may once break for me! How long have I been a stranger to the delightful sound of real joy! When, O God! when can I again feel it in the temple of Nature and of men? Never? Nay, that would be too hard!"

Only one writhing in agony like Laocoon in the deadly embraces of serpents could have written thus. Not that the artist was always in such a melancholy mood. Happily the pleasures which accompany the exercises of creative genius beguiled his

thoughts during the hours he daily devoted to work. Nevertheless, his paroxysms of misery were so very frequent that they covered his life with gloom. It was an exquisite torture ever renewed to be unable to hear the performance of his own music. Unfortunately for himself, Beethoven's cold, deistical creed prevented him from deriving that consolation from the great All-Father which none but they who approach him through the crucified One can receive.

Another evil result of his deafness was that of his being doomed to the solitariness of a bachelor's life. What lady would marry a deaf man? Beethoven's excitability, intensified as it necessarily was by devotion to his art, made it eminently desirable that he should find a wife, whose affectionate attentions would soothe his spirit and put a mild check upon his eccentricities. That he was deeply sensible of this need is evident from the following lines from his pen:

"Love and love alone is capable of giving thee a happier life. O God, let me at length find her—her who may strengthen me in virtue—who may *lawfully* be mine."

Before his deafness had become hopeless he wrote to his friend Wegeler saying, "A dear and charming girl . . . loves me as I do her, and this has brought back some happy moments, the first I have enjoyed these two years; it is the first time I feel that marriage could render me happy. She is not, unfortunately, of my station in life, and at present I *could* not marry, for I must be tossed about the world first."

Like all poetical natures Beethoven was very susceptible to the influence of beauty. The attentions of a lovely woman threw him into raptures. Moving as he did in the highest circles, and honored as he was for his masterly productions, he was constantly brought into association with the most attractive women in Vienna. He was, indeed, exposed to "manifest seductions;" but, "like the demi-god of old, he had the firmness to preserve his virtue unscathed." Still he was constantly in love, or fancied himself to be so, with some one or other high-born maiden. Under the inspiration of these short-lived and sentimental, but honorable, attachments he

wrote the most tender and charming portions of his music. The expression of his passion in music often exhausted its power and left his heart free to submit to the attractions of some new charmer. These purely poetical phases of feeling did not leave any scars either in his inamorata or himself.

But to one lady, named Julia, he seems to have been profoundly attached. Certainly his correspondence with her was Werther-like in expression, and from his allusions to her in after life, his love for her appears to have been both deep and lasting. He addresses her with such genuine German extravagance as "My angel, my all, my other self! . . . Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for every thing? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? . . . Love requires every thing, and very justly. So it is I with thee, thou with me: only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent—but never disguise thyself from me. . . . Is not our love a heavenly structure; but firm as the vault of heaven? . . . Never can another possess my heart—never! never! . . . The life that I am leading at present is a miserable life; thy love makes me the happiest and at the same time the unhappiest of men. At my years I need some uniformity, some equality in my way of life. Can this be our mutual situation? Be easy; it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after this, my life, my all! Farewell. O continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy
BELOVED LUDWIG."

This is rhapsodical enough to please even an admirer of Klopstock or Goethe. Of course such sentimental nonsense, however wise and precious it may have appeared to the artist and his Julia, *reads* very flat, and should by no means be accepted as model love-letter writing by any youth or maiden who may chance to read it. Generally such sentiment as the above is but the froth of

fancy, not the coinage of true and reasonable affection. But Beethoven was a poet by nature. No doubt he meant what he wrote, at least, while he was penning it. His biographer thinks his love for Julia was genuine and would have culminated in marriage but for his unfortunate deafness. Whether Julia finally refused him on that account, or whether he declined to impose himself upon her, is unknown. It is only certain that he did not wed her. Misery, not Julia, or any other maiden, became his bride.

Disappointed with respect to his desire for marriage, vexed by envious brother artists, excited by his evil-minded brothers to distrust his friends, tortured by the ingratitude of a nephew whom he adopted as a son, annoyed by his incurable deafness, nervously irritated by the absorbing study his professional duties demanded, his life became a prolonged discord. The musical world went into ecstasies while listening to his wonderful overtures, symphonies, sonatas, and songs; vast audiences shouted loud applause when he appeared on the stage after the performance of his glorious music; his name was honored both in his own and foreign lands. Yet he who combined the sounds which gave delight to countless thousands could hear neither his own wondrous music nor the voices which thundered the popular applause. What was fame to such a man? It could not calm his restless spirit nor keep him from that constant self-irritation which was perpetual misery. He was a magician with power to give to others pleasures which a cruel fate forbade him to taste himself. Unhappy Beethoven!

As might be expected under these circumstances the artist's temper became very inflammable. The following incident is characteristic. He was dining at a hotel one day, when the waiter brought him the wrong dish. When reproved for his mistake the fellow answered impertinently. Beethoven, in a furious passion, instantly seized the dish of stewed beef and threw it at the waiter's head. The man's arms were filled with plates containing numerous viands, so that he could not move them. There he stood with the plentiful gravy trickling down his face, swearing and

shouting at the equally enraged artist. The company in the room roared with laughter. Beethoven's passion cooled when he noticed the ludicrous aspect of the waiter, whose words were soon choked by the stream of gravy, which he vainly endeavored to lick in with his tongue. In doing this he made so many absurd grimaces that the artist's sense of the ridiculous was titillated, and he finally joined in the uproarious laughter of the guests.

These fits of violent anger were quite frequent, and often led to similar unpleasant scenes, which did not always terminate so pleasantly as this one. In fact, in hotels where he was well known no notice was taken of his outbreaks. They were looked upon as the eccentricities of a great man, and were not resented as perhaps they deserved.

The reader will be pleased with a graphic sketch of the great man's appearance a few years before his death. It is taken from Russell's "Tour in Germany." Mr. Russell says:

"Though not an old man, Beethoven is lost to society in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behavior does not ill accord with this unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure society can give, and perhaps soured his temper."

Beethoven died, after three months of severe suffering from dropsy, on the 26th of March, 1827, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He met his end, not with the calm peace or heavenly joy of the Christian, but with the Socratic courage of a deist. The consolations of the *Christian* faith were unknown to this wonderful but unhappy man. He was buried at Vienna with much pomp,

and twenty thousand souls witnessed the imposing ceremonies.

Competent critics place him in the foremost rank of musical composers. What Dante was in poetry he was in music. His works are original, powerful, full of inspiration, wild in their energy, but "relieved by frequent touches of tender beauty and melancholy." He is a marvelous example of the mind's independence of its material organs. Deprived of the ability to *hear* a note he nevertheless *mentally* conceived some of

the loftiest and sweetest strains that ever gave delight to the outward sense of hearing. So clearly defined were those mental conceptions that he was able to give them written expression. His was, therefore, the music of the soul, felt as disembodied spirits feel the melodies of music. And it must be accepted as one proof of the spirituality of man, of his capacity to think and feel independently of those bodily organs which he "shuffles off" when he reaches that bourne which must be crossed, but can not be recrossed.

THE BLACK DEATH.

IN the whole history of medicine there is no more awful and mysterious chapter than that which is concerned with the ravages of the black death in the fourteenth century. The narratives of other dreadful pestilences are more familiar to the public, because those narratives have been told by great masters of literary art, whose works are held by the world in lasting admiration. There appears, however, to be no doubt that the black death has a horrible pre-eminence above every other scourge of this character, for it raged throughout the whole known world, and with an intensity to which there is no parallel. In many respects it corresponds with the plague which to a certain extent is endemic in some Eastern localities, and also to that form of it which excited so much alarm last year in its threatened progress through Russia westward. We will examine this curious subject of mediæval history with especial reference to the modern aspect of the subject. It is a remarkable fact that the regular historians of England have attended so little to its social history that Hume dismisses the subject in half a page. Dr. Lingard, and Mr. Green in his "History of the English People," enter more largely into the subject.

Of course, we first turn to our modern medical lights to see what they can tell us of the plague. We turn, for instance, to Sir Thomas Watson, who has been called the

Cicero of English medical literature. Sir Thomas, however, does not help us very greatly. "Concerning the plague," he writes, "as I have never seen, and hope never to see it, and as with Cullen I 'think it unfit for a person who has never seen the disease to attempt its peculiar history,' I shall not presume to offer you any observations in detail." Other doctors—we may name Dr. Milray and Dr. Aitken—do, however, go considerably into detail. We do not find it specifically described as that great pestilence known as the black death, but the black death is included under the general title of the plague. The doctors naturally take the plague in its present existent epidemic form, and, like the historians, hardly note the great scourge of the fourteenth century. Of course, they refer to those earlier writers, Mede and Sydenham, who have described it as it was in or near their own days. Sir B. Faulkner was resident in Malta when the plague raged there in 1813, and of twenty-eight inmates of the lazaretto all perished within a very few hours. It is probable that the black death did not materially vary in type from the present well-defined plague, although from time to time there have been jail or hospital fevers, typhus or typhoid, which have closely simulated it. Physical and moral wretchedness are invariable elements, and especially a collection of human beings in cellars or on ground-floors. "The plague," says one of the doctors, "was a

disease which seldom went up-stairs." The French writer Volney says: "The Winter stops the plague at Constantinople because the cold is great, and the Summer lights it up because the heat is then humid, while in Egypt the Winter favors it because the climate is then warm and moist, and the Summer stops it because it is hot and dry. The heat is only injurious when associated with humidity." When Lady Ann Blunt was in Bagdad lately she obtained some interesting particulars respecting the plague from a resident English physician. It exists perennially in Bagdad, much as the small-pox does in London. It is especially found in dirty, over-crowded tenements. It is not communicated by the air, neither is it caught by brushing up against infected people in the streets. It is noticeable that the Jews in the towns especially suffer from it, while the Bedouins of the desert are altogether exempt. The plague commences with a little fever, which continues for a couple of days, accompanied by a glandular swelling on the groin or armpit. If the swelling suppurates the patient recovers; if not, there is fever, delirium, and collapse. In Bagdad it has been a veritable black death. It is said that when the plague broke out in 1774 the deaths in the city and the province amounted to five millions. Bagdad never got over the plague. Its population has never since that time exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand. Since that time the plague seems to have made its appearance about once in a generation. About a hundred thousand persons perished in 1831. Just as the plague broke out in the last Russian war, so in the previous war between the Russians and the Turks it raged in the Danubian principalities.

The disease which is most distinctively known as the black death is the great pestilence of the fourteenth century. For the best and, indeed, for the only systematic account of this pestilence we are indebted to the distinguished German writer and physician, Dr. Hacker. No other plague ever fell with such desolating force upon the world. The figures of the Great Plague of London are as nothing in proportion to

the most authentic calculations that can be made respecting this plague. In Italy one-half of the population died. In Avignon the pope consecrated the river Rhone, that bodies might be thrown into the river without delay, as the church-yards would no longer hold them. In England the black death prevailed for a whole year, being much longer than its average duration. The fullest account of the pestilence in England is to be found in Dr. Barnes's Cambridge folio of the "History of Edward III," which the erudite doctor compiled from every attainable authority on the subject. The plague first broke out in Dorsetshire, and then marched through the counties of Devon and Somerset, and so reached Oxford and London. The enormous statement is made that nine-tenths of the people died. Mr. Green puts the mortality at one-half. In London the grave-yards altogether failed to furnish room for the dead. "We find," says Barnes, "that the noble and valiant Lord William Manny, having a pious regard to God's judgments and the common frailties of humane nature, purchased a piece of ground adjoining to a place called 'No Man's Land,' and caused the same to be inclosed and consecrated, in which one place (besides those buried in other church-yards, churches, and monasteries) there were buried within one year more than fifty thousand persons. Wherefore the said noble Lord William Manny, in memory of the vast numbers of Christian persons there buried, and in pious charity (as he thought to their souls), caused afterwards, on the same ground, a chappell to be built of rare workmanship." Subsequently, however, he changed his mind, and founded a monastery of Carthusian monks; "but now it is an hospital for poor men and children, of the foundation of the worthy Thomas Sutton, Esq., while called by corruption the Charter House." Parliament did not sit for two years. For two years also the Court of the King's Bench was closed. The plague extended to Wales, and thence to Ireland; but it curiously happened that, while the English in Ireland were attacked, the native Irish suffered very slightly. There was a

considerable amount of exultation in Scotland at the heavy misfortunes which had assailed their southern neighbors. They chose this moment of horror and necessity to make an invasion of the northern borders. The black death fell upon them, destroying at once five thousand men, and they took the disease with them into Scotland. Then the disease, or something very similar, fell upon the cattle. "For want of men to look to them the cattle wandered about in the fields at random, from whence nobody drove or gathered them. So that they began to perish among hedges and ditches in such numbers that it was no less than wonder to behold; and there died in and about our pasture more than five thousand sheep. No bird or beast of prey would touch the carcase." In many places the harvest was not gathered in through want of laborers. In other places the most exorbitant price was charged for labor. The landed proprietors were obliged to renounce their claim for rent, and the lords of manors their claims for service. The black death struck at the whole social life and all the institutions of the country.

A curious fact is that there was an assemblage of cosmical physical facts which happened at the time of the black death. Dr. Hacker considers that they must be associated as cause and effect, but he has not succeeded in demonstrating the correctness of his theories, and we can hardly see how they rest on any scientific basis. It so happened that on March 24, 1345, there was a conjunction of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign Aquarius, and this malevolent combination was generally assigned as the cause of the black death. There was a combination of five planets this present Summer, but the modern *Zeitgeist* knows nothing of such credulity. It was noticed that there had been incessant rain in England for six months. Before the visitation there were great atmospheric disturbances. A thick smothering mist came up over Rome and Vienna. There was a fiery star over Paris, just as Josephus tells us that one blazed in the form of a spear during the last days of Jerusalem. Honest Barnes, fol-

lowing Stow, relates: "In the County of Oxford, nigh Chipping Norton, was found about this time, a monstrous serpent having two heads, with faces of women, one being shaped so as to resemble the new type of those days, and the other to represent the old antiquated fashion; it had also large and great wings, but something like those of the flitter mouse or bat, as authors have reported." In many parts of the country, at different times, there was an abnormal shake as frequent as a sea-swell. Divines of the time considered that the plague was a visitation on account of the pride and luxury of the ladies in dress and ornament, and contrasted their attire with the quaint simplicity of their ancestors. Without question there seems to have been an extraordinary amount of physical phenomena, but much legendary matter is mixed up with authentic tradition, and it is too late to attach any precise scientific value to the great mass of information that has come down to us.

The symptoms of this extraordinary disease, so far as they have been detailed, greatly resemble those of the Asiatic plague which caused so much alarm last year, and in some measure correspond with those of the common plague; but also presented some features peculiar to itself. Sometimes there was an assemblage of symptoms, at another a single one sufficed to do the deathly work. The boils or tumors of the true Eastern plague were often present, together with the black tongue or black spots over the body, which gave the name of the black death. Bleeding of the nose, or a spitting of blood, was one of the worst symptoms. Inflammation of the lungs was a very frequent accompaniment. The disease ran a very rapid course, being generally fatal on the second, or, at the latest, on the third day. After the black death had exhibited its abnormal symptoms with the utmost fury for a space, the pestilence generally subsided into the usual febrile form of the common plague. It rarely exceeded a certain number of days in the individual or months in the locality.

If we look at the medical treatment of the times, amid much that is absurd there is also much that is accepted now as the true

method of treatment. The effort was made to stamp out the mischief. The Venetians established lazarettoes on islands some distance from the city. Quarantine, meaning forty days' detention, came into vogue. This exact term was fixed because the fortieth was thought to be the last in cases of ardent disease. The secret of stamping out disease was not unknown in the Middle Ages. It had been practiced, indeed, by the physicians of the second century, in order to prevent the spread of leprosy. But in those times there seems to have been a reckless disregard of human life, and men cared more for property than person. This is the mistake that long remained in the English penal code, and is hardly yet exterminated at the present time. In the case of murrain among cattle there was a careful separation of the diseased from the healthy, but this method for the public protection of the human subject was not resorted to. Pope Clement VI was advised to shut himself up at Avignon while the plague lasted; he did so, and escaped. It is greatly to his credit that he took the greatest care of the people of Avignon, by supplying them with food and medicines. Dr. Hacker gives an account of the treatment pursued: bleeding, aperients, incisions of inflammatory boils, which saved many lives. He considers that a learned physician of Padua, Galeazzo di Santa Sofia, had to a very considerable extent explored the nature of the plague, and discovered a rational and successful mode of treatment.

What may be called the moral history of the black death is painfully and intensely interesting, but at the same time repulsive and humiliating in many respects. Several accounts of the plague have come down to us by writers of a very high order of literary genius, and they exhibit a common likeness. Such accounts have been given by Thucydides, Boccaccio, and De Foe. The account of the plague of Athens, written by the great Athenian historian, is remarkable for its graphic accuracy and power. It almost seems that at such a time good men become better, and bad men become worse than ever. The Greek historian notices that there were many noble-minded

persons who were unsparing of themselves in visiting the sick, though at the imminent risk of contagion, and those who had recovered, and had no fear of falling ill a second time, were especially pitiful towards the sick and dying. But to a much greater extent the narrative is very sad. For the most part, in the face of this great calamity, all divine and human ties were loosened. "So they resolved to take their enjoyment quickly, and with a sole view to gratification, regarding their lives and their riches alike as things of a day. As for taking trouble about what was thought honorable, no one was forward to do it; deeming it uncertain whether before he had attained to it he would not be cut off; but every thing that was immediately pleasant, and that which was conducive to it by any means whatever, this was laid down to be both honorable and expedient. And fear of gods or law of man there was none to stop them." Very much to the same effect is the language of Boccaccio. It will be remembered that the stories of the Decameron were told by a number of ladies who retired from the plague-stricken city of Florence to a delightful villa, in whose gardens they tell each other pleasant, but not over-edifying stories. Boccaccio says that at Florence every feeling of humanity became deadened. Some fled the place altogether, others shut themselves up, and the rich made a rule of only partaking of the very best food, and of that in the greatest moderation. "Others, on the contrary, considered eating and drinking to excess, amusements of all description, the indulgence of every gratification, and an indifference to what was passing around them as the best medicine, and acted accordingly. They wandered day and night from one tavern to another, and feasted without moderation or bounds." A horribly grotesque feature of misery was added. Laughter and mirth were considered as preventives of disease. A ghostly merriment reigned in the midst of horrors. Persons also might be seen walking about the streets carrying odoriferous flowers, herbs, and spices, which they smelled frequently, under the idea of invigorating the brain and dispelling what

might be noxious in the air. All natural ties seemed broken up. Even the wife fled from the husband, the sister from the brother. Boccaccio's picture is drawn in the darkest colors; but a contemporary gives the highest character to the charitable and religious orders. He says that they showed admirable courage and compassion amid all the baseness of the times. Boccaccio said that he observed animals fall dead after touching rags belonging to diseased or deceased persons. The third great work on plagues is "Daniel De Foe's History of the Plague in London." Sir Walter Scott truly says that "had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work." There may be a good deal of romance in it, but it is often that kind of romance which is often better than history, where a vivid realization of things comes home more truly to the mind through the inspiration of genius than through any amount of labor of the dry-as-dust order.

There is a peculiar page in the history of the plague which presents a few eminently pleasing features amid the gloom which inseparably belongs to the subject. The village of Eyam (pronounced Eem), in Derbyshire, was virulently attacked by the epidemic in 1665. The infection was supposed to be conveyed by opening an infected bale of goods. The parish clergyman determined to follow out the only plan which seems to have any decisive effect, that of drawing a cordon round the place, and so stamping out the complaint. Mr. Mompessor persuaded his parishioners to lay down a rigid boundary beyond which none of them should pass. Troughs were erected, fed by a running stream near which provisions and supplies were deposited, and money placed in return in the disinfected water. Mompessor also closed the church, and held divine service in a natural opening in the rocks of a ravine. Mompessor's Well is still shown to tourists in Derbyshire, and the cavern where he preached. On the hill-side various tombs are still to be seen of those who were buried at this unhappy time.

This state of isolation existed more than a year. Most of the parishioners died, and the vicar lost his own wife. He had entreated her to leave the place when the plague broke out, but she thought it her duty to stay with her husband and his people. In the Seward Anecdotes there are some interesting letters preserved of this worthy man. He tells his patron of the loss of his wife, and of his firm belief that he himself was on the eve of dying. "The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation, my dearest dear has gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell forever, and bring you my humble thanks for all your noble favors, and I hope that you will believe a dying man. I desire, sir, that you will please make choice of a humble, pious man to succeed me in my parsonage, and could I see your face before my departure from here I would inform you which way I think he might live comfortably among his people." It is gratifying to know that the good man did not die, but lived to be promoted to another living four years later; but the new parishioners refused to receive him, as they thought he might have the taint of the plague about him, and so they built him a hut in Rufford Park, where he dwelt till their nervousness went off.

One of the worst features presented by the history of the black death was the fierce prosecution aroused against the Jews. This unhappy race had always been persecuted, but the persecution arose to a perfect frenzy at the time of the black death. They were accused of infecting the air and poisoning the water. So thoroughly was this absurd accusation believed that in many places the springs and wells were built over, and the people only drank river and rain water. At Basle all the Jews were shut up in a wooden structure, and they were all consumed together. At Strasburg two thousand Jews were burnt on their own burial-ground. It is said that at Mayence twelve thousand Jews were put to death. Those who were not burnt to death were banished,

and too often, when wandering about, were put to fire and sword by the ignorant people. Under the influence of excruciating torture some poor Jews acknowledged themselves guilty, just as some poor old women under the pressure of intolerable suffering have owned themselves witches. The Jews were often driven to despair. At Spire they set fire to their own habitations, and consumed themselves, their families, and their treasure. At another place they burned themselves within the synagogue, and mothers threw their children into the flames. Even if the Jews recanted they were sure ultimately to be put to death, and the few Christians who ventured to sympathize with them were put on the rack and punished at the same time. Nothing proves the savagery of this persecution more than the fact that the pope and emperor were fairly convinced of the innocence of the Jews, but found themselves powerless to restrain the madness of the people. The idea was that the Jews received poison by sea from remote parts, and also prepared it themselves from spiders, owls, and venomous animals. George Eliot, in her "Impressions of Theophrastus Such," seems to have had these sufferings in mind. "As the slave-holders of the United States counted the curse of Ham a justification of negro slavery, so the curse on the Jews was counted a justification for hindering them from pursuing agriculture and handicrafts; for marking them out as execrable figures by a peculiar dress; for torturing them to make them part with their gains, or for more gratuitously spitting on them and pelting them; for taking it as certain that they killed and ate babies, poisoned the wells, and took pains to spread the plague; for putting it to them whether they would be baptized or burned, and not failing to burn and massacre them when they were obstinate; but also for suspecting them of disliking the baptism when they had got it, and then burning them in punishment of their insincerity; by all this to avenge the Savior of mankind, or else to compel these stiff-necked people to acknowledge a Master whose servants showed such beneficial effects of his teaching."

There is one extraordinary chapter in the history of the black death which ought not to be passed over. The Order of Flagellants arose at this time. Penetrated with the belief that their sins had called down the vengeance of heaven, vast processions of penitents passed through the streets, armed with scourges, lashing themselves and each other until the "blood gushed out." They marched with torches and banners, in night, in the Winter, and penetrated into the solitudes of mountain and forest. The penance was repeated twice a day—morning and evening. The greatest enthusiasm was excited on their behalf throughout Germany. It often happened that after they had lashed themselves in the churches, they were entertained in the market-place. A band of Flagellants came over to England, and operated freely on themselves in the streets of London. The practical English mind, however Romish at the time, could not discover the use of such penance, and the Flagellants did not make a single convert.

Let us now look at the question of the plague at the present time. In the whole of Eastern Europe the consternation has of late been extreme—very naturally, and with very good reason. This outbreak of last year was of a most virulent and contagious character, in many particulars closely resembling the black death. It was localized by the stringency of the precautions taken, and perhaps still more by the advance of the cold weather. It has been customary to call this the Siberian plague, and the Russian Medical Service of the Interior for 1877 reports an outbreak of the disorder in various districts of Siberia; but at the same time the plague was found in Persia, and districts far east of Persia. It was thought in 1873 that at that time the plague had long ceased to be endemic in China. Now, accurate examination of facts has elicited that for many years it had been raging in Eastern districts, and was supposed to have been introduced from Burmah. But the fact is, that there is so little facility of communication existing in Central Asia that the plague may be ravaging one region and the fact may not be known in other regions not so very far away.

And, of course, it would be still less known in Europe. It was especially present in the Chinese province of Yunnan, in the time of the rebellion—in fact the rebellion and the plague broke out together. It especially spread, owing to the superstitious practice of not burying the dead until the remains, exposed on a bier to the sun, are completely decomposed. In 1871 to 1873 the plague was very prevalent in Yunnan; in 1873 it suddenly appeared in Mesopotamia, and almost simultaneously in Persia; by 1877 it had spread to the shore of the Caspian Sea. At the end of 1877 an intermittent fever, with glandular swellings—the prevailing symptom of the black death—appeared at Astrachan, which developed into a malignant form of plague. It is a mistake to speak of the plague as proceeding from the Volga or any part of Russia, or, indeed, of Persia; it must be traced back to China, or

even Burmah. Every effort has been made by the Western Powers to prevent the importation of goods from the infected districts, and one wise precaution has been to clear the ports of entry from the evil sanitary conditions which would promote the spread of epidemic disease.

Whatever advances medical science may have made, it is still almost as it used to be of yore in grappling with pestilence in its fury; and our best safety lies in understanding and obeying the wise, simple, salutary laws of nature and of health. Through the various modifications of countries and centuries, the main symptoms do not vary of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" but we may trust that the advance of medical knowledge, and the better observation of natural laws, will now prevent the appearance of plague in that intensified malignity which marked the black death.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

IN his fields the Master walketh,
In his fair fields ripe for harvest,
Where the golden sun smiles slantwise
On the rich ears, heavy bending;
Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf wears brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-blight
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master—
The good Master—"It is time."

Lo! he looks. His look compelling,
Brings the laborers to the harvest.
Quick they gather, as in Autumn
Wandering birds in silent eddies
Drop upon the pasture-fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet, shod with swift obedience;
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And a shining sickle reareth—
"Speak, O Master, is it time?"
O'er the fields the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downward,
Humble with their weight of harvest;
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows.

But the sickles, the bright sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing;
Songs are heard in earth and heaven;
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest-time.

O great Master, are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art thou walking in thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the purple air?
Are thy signs abroad?—the glowing
Of the evening sky, blood-reddened—
And the full ears trodden earthward,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Surely 't is near harvest-time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether 't is at morn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only may thy voice, O Master,
Peal above the reapers' chorus
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling:
"Gather all into my garner
For it is my harvest-time!"

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON AND HIS FRIENDS.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON was born in England in the year 1775 and lived to the extreme age of ninety-two years. He is noted in literature, not for any thing which he did, but for the many literary friends which he formed during his long life. He has left us an account of these friends in the diary which he kept for many years, and in the pleasing "Reminiscences" which he wrote in old age, and much that has value will here be found which the student would fail to find in pretentious histories.

His childhood was an uneventful one. At the age of eighteen years he entered as a clerk in a lawyer's office in the old town of Colchester, which is situated about fifty miles from London, and here he learned the routine work of a lawyer's office. At this time he had an opportunity of hearing two men who were among the most famous in England of that day. He heard Thomas Erskine plead a case, and fifty years later he could distinctly remember the voice and manner of this remarkable man. He was pleading a will case, and spoke in a way which thrilled alike the court and jury, "If, gentlemen, you should by your verdict annihilate an instrument so solemnly formed, I should retire a troubled man from this court." Undoubtedly Erskine was the ablest advocate before a jury that England has ever had. Part of his great fame comes from the trials of Handy and Horne Tooke, who, seeking parliamentary reform, were indicted for high treason. Erskine defended them and won a victory. According to Robinson, Erskine's skill lay in his frequent repetitions. He would repeat the thought several times over, though varied in expression so as not to produce weariness. He was an orator, who knew how to unite courage and caution, how to master his subject in a short time, and how to influence a jury.

In 1790 Robinson heard John Wesley preach. Wesley was now in extreme age, and had won his way to the respect of all England. The account which Robinson gives is interesting, and we quote a few

sentences. "He stood in a wide pulpit and on each side of him stood a minister who held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible, but his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers."

In 1795 Robinson went to Bury. Among the people whose friendship he formed was Catherine Buck, who was like an older sister to him and gave him kindly advice. She became the wife of the celebrated Thomas Clarkson, whose writings and ceaseless efforts led England and other nations to join in efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade. While Wilberforce and Fox deserve credit, yet Clarkson was the pioneer in the movement, which found its fitting culmination in our own day in the abolition of domestic slavery. Robinson was always welcomed at the home of the Clarksons, and concerning Mrs. Clarkson he wrote in after years, "She was the most eloquent woman I have ever known with the exception of Madame De Stael."

He soon drifted to London, and for four years led a somewhat unsettled life. He entered a lawyer's office, not that he had a liking for the profession of law, but because he was ashamed to be idle. He heard with disgust the advice which was given to him by a successful lawyer, "fag, fag, fag." He took lodgings in Drury Lane, practiced economy, and attended those debating clubs which are a feature in London life. In these he attained that art of ready speaking to which he attributed his success in life.

At this time he inherited the sum of a hundred pounds a year. This was not a large sum, but it decided his future for some years, for he was now able to gratify a long cherished desire to go to Germany and study the language and literature of that country, which was now rising into prominence.

In 1800 he left England and went to Frankfort. The quaint old city was in a blaze of excitement, for the army of Napo-

leon was at its gates and soon entered the city. Here Robinson beheld a new form of dancing, called waltzing. He describes it minutely in a letter to a friend in England, and, like Byron, seems to have thought it a somewhat indelicate performance. But fashion seems to have reversed that opinion, if we may judge by the conduct of many respectable people.

He strolled through Dresden and Prague, and came to Weimar where he spent two days, which were to him probably the most interesting in his life. This town in the year 1800 was in itself insignificant, for it had not an object of beauty or taste. But it was the home of the two greatest of German poets—Goethe and Schiller. Robinson called upon these poets. He records that Goethe, who was then fifty-two years of age, was "oppressively handsome," whatever that expression may mean, and Schiller had "a wild expression and a sickly look." The former was at that time the idol of the German literary public. A call was also made upon Wieland, who was then advanced in years, and was to Germany almost what Voltaire was to France. Robinson attended the performance at Weimar of "Wallenstein's Death," where he met again Goethe and Schiller, who were present as managers.

In 1802 he was enrolled as a student in the University of Jena, where he spent three pleasant years listening to the lectures of Voigt on natural philosophy, and Voss, the first of translators from the Greek into German, and Schelling, who, though he had "the countenance of a white negro," was able to give most fascinating lectures on "The Art of the Beautiful." There was a host of literary men then in Germany whose writings have made that time the Augustan age of German history.

At Weimar, Robinson was introduced to the celebrated Madame de Stael. She had incurred the anger of Napoleon, and had thought it prudent to withdraw from France. She spent some time in Weimar with her attendant satellite, Benjamin Constant, the French statesman, and tried to appreciate the beauties of German literature. She was a brilliant talker, and her books on Germany

and Italy extended her fame; but neither her conversation nor her manners produced a favorable impression. Robinson, at her request, aided her in the study of the German language.

In 1805 he returned to England, where he spent the rest of his life, with frequent excursions in the Summer vacations to the Continent, going once to Spain, where he acted as reporter to the London *Times* during a part of Wellington's campaign. During the sixty-two years which followed he was on intimate terms with many of his celebrated countrymen. He seems to have led the life of "a busy idle man," as he expresses it. He left the legal profession at the age of fifty-four, and gave himself to literary leisure. As he was a bachelor of economical habits, he was able to live on a small income, and keep an open, generous hand. He was a lover of books, but still more a lover of men. He was a cheerful, genial man to the very last—fond of a long walk, fond of a long talk, and abounding in good spirits and good anecdotes. Perhaps he was better at talking than at listening. He was always a welcome visitor at the houses of his friends, and only death sundered his many friendships. In his seventieth year he was said to be as much a boy as ever, and Wordsworth called him "a healthy creature who talked of coming again in seven years as others would of seven days."

He was on most intimate terms with the "Lake School" of writers. Many an evening he spent with Coleridge and his friends, and listened while Coleridge went on for hours in a marvelous stream of talk about English poetry and Spanish politics and German metaphysics. Sometimes the stream of his conversation was too deep or possibly too muddy for his hearers to see the bottom of it, but it flowed on, and on, and on. His power as a talker was wonderful, and since Samuel Johnson's time there has been nothing like it. He was unrivaled in a monologue, but he had no idea of a dialogue, and his admiring hearers had no desire to interrupt him. Robinson went to hear him give a public lecture on one of Shakespeare's plays, "Romeo and Juliet." Coleridge began with

a plea for flogging in school, denounced the Lancastrian system of instruction, and wandered from one abstruse theme to another, but not a word about the play. When he wandered from the track he seemed to lack the power to bring himself back again.

With Wordsworth, Robinson was most intimate, and accompanied him in a tour through the Swiss Alps. He was a frequent visitor at the house of the poet at Rydal Mount, and acted the part of a friendly and admiring critic. Wordsworth, in the confidence of friendship, spoke of the future of his poems. He knew that there was no money to be gained by their publication, but he cared not for that. No one understood him as yet, not even Coleridge. No one could understand him save he who dwelt apart from the haunts of men and had a mind attuned to nature. He was persuaded, however, that if the day ever came when men should be wiser and better, his poems would then make their way and rise in popularity. Robinson found Wordsworth to be one of the happiest of men. He was, in fact, too great a man to be made miserable by the savage criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*. With faith in the merits of his poetry, he appealed from the critics of the present to those of the future, and had no fear as to what the verdict would be.

With Southey, Robinson was not so intimate. Southey was poet laureate, and was busy early and late driving his pen and writing volume after volume of excellent prose and moderate poetry. His health failed under his severe application, and Robinson, with two or three other friends, accompanied him in a tour through France. "During our stay in Paris," Robinson writes, "I believe Southey did not once go to the Louvre; he cared for nothing but the old book shops. This is a singular feature in his character. But with this indifference to the living things around him is closely connected his poetic faculty of beholding the absent as if present, and creating a world for himself."

His most intimate friend was dear, gentle, genial Charles Lamb, and many an evening did he spend with Lamb and his sister. It is a pity that more of the pleasant conversa-

tions were not recorded. Lamb, though in weak health, was full of humor, and some of the puns and odd quotations which he would innocently stutter were certainly amusing. Thus, concerning a certain person, he said, "He says that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind; so you see nothing is wanting but the *mind*."

Robinson was with him when his play, "Mr. H—," was performed and hissed, and Lamb joined in the hissing. It is not always that an author agrees with the unfavorable judgment of the public. Lamb's library according to Robinson, had a remarkably fine collection of shabby books. "Such a number of first-rate works in very bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found." To the last Lamb was child-like, and he clung to kind friends, good pictures, and choice poetry. The devotion which he showed through many years to his afflicted sister reveals a beautiful trait in his character. It was a sad hour when he died, and the world will not soon behold another such a humorist.

Among Robinson's first acquaintances on returning from Germany to London was Mrs. Barbauld, whom Wordsworth declared to be "the first of our literary women." She was widely known for her "Hymns in Prose;" but her writings are now rarely read. Her longest poem was entitled "1811," because written in that year, and it gives a gloomy view of England's future. It prophesied that "at some future time a traveler from the antipodes will from a broken arch of Blackfriars Bridge contemplate the ruins of St. Paul's." There is no single sentence of Macaulay's which is more frequently quoted and will live longer than that in which he speaks of the time "when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." The boldness of the imagery struck the popular fancy. The only credit Macaulay deserves for it is the credit of a good memory which enabled him to make an apt quotation.

Robinson was well acquainted with two of the first of English artists, Blake and Flaxman. Blake was both a poet and a designer of

engravings. He was subject to strange religious delusions, but these did not affect his high merits as an artist. His best work was in his later years, when he produced a splendid series of engraved designs in illustration of the Book of Job. Flaxman was probably the greatest sculptor—certainly the greatest designer of sculpture—which England has ever had. His genius was precocious. At the age of eleven and thirteen years he won prizes from the Society of Arts. His best work was the sculpture of monuments for the dead, some of which adorn Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. The work by which he is best known is the "Shield of Achilles," which has been widely reproduced. Like Canova he is a fitting representative of the Greek spirit in modern art. His home was a happy one, and he was a good man as well as a great artist.

Robinson has many allusions in his diary to the great English actors of his day. He saw Charles Mathews in his inimitable "Imitations at Home," when he would represent a dozen persons in an English stage-coach, and carry on amusing conversations interspersed with songs from several of the imaginary company. His powers of mimicry seemed to be almost perfect. He heard John Braham sing, and a great treat it must have been, for no one of that day had so fine a tenor voice as he. His musical career was one of triumph, even in Italy, the home of singers. He was a singer for sixty years, and for forty years was without a rival in England. There is no other case on record where a vocalist has held supremacy so long. "Braham's singing delighted me," writes Robinson. "His trills, shakes, and quavers are, like those of all other great singers, tiresome to me; but his pure melody and simple song clearly articulated are equal to any thing I ever heard." He records his impressions of Edmund Kean, who was great in Othello, greater in Richard, and greatest in Shylock. In bursts of passion and of grief Kean was unequalled. Robinson was present when Kemble, the greatest one of that name, and his more celebrated sister appeared in "Henry the Eighth." Concern-

ing the latter he writes, "As an actor she has left with me a conviction that there never was and never will be her equal."

It was his privilege to hear several times Robert Hall and Chalmers, whose preaching crowded their churches. He was a visitor at the house of Edward Irving, the strange Scotch preacher, who flashed like a brilliant meteor, dazzling all observers, and then quickly died out. His brief career was strange, eventful, and sad. Robinson wedged his way into the Caledonian chapel, where Irving preached, before he was carried away by fanaticism, and says of him: "His eloquence is captivating. He speaks like a man profoundly convinced of the truth of what he teaches. He has no cant hypocrisy or illiberality." It is sad to think that such a man might have been saved if he had not been repulsed by the harsh criticisms of those who probably failed to understand some of his theological statements.

It was when on a vacation tour at Heidelberg that Robinson met Rev. F. W. Robertson, and says of him, "I like him much." He soon after heard him preach in the English chapel "a sermon much too good to be thrown away on a congregation of forty or fifty persons." In Brighton they renewed their acquaintance. Robinson frequently heard this celebrated preacher, and on learning of his death records this opinion, "Take him for all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit; that is, uniting the greatest number of excellences, originality, piety, freedom of thought, and warmth of love; his style colloquial and very Scriptural. He combined light of the intellect with warmth of the affections in a pre-eminent degree."

But it would take a long time to speak of all the celebrities with whom Robinson had a speaking acquaintance—such as Lafayette, Brougham, O'Connell, Macaulay, and a host of lesser lights, among whom was De Morgan, great in logic and greater in mathematics. With scarcely an exception all these have passed away and their lives are "as a tale that is told." What a pity that there was not a full account given of that small dinner party in 1823, at which were

the five poets, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Rogers, and Moore, at which party Lamb stuttered in his own innocent and amusing way, "Mr. Moore, until now I always felt an antipathy for you; but now, that I have met you, I shall like you ever after."

There are many other things in Robinson's

diary which are full of interest to those who love English history and literature. It gives information which is of value and which can not be found elsewhere. The generation in which he lived has passed away; but the memories of the great warriors, statesmen, poets, artists, and preachers of that period will live while history endures.

MARA-ZION.

AT the extreme southern point of the British Isles is the beautiful county of Cornwall. Like Italy, this point of land is shaped like a boot, and just in the instep is a small town with a very high-sounding name. The villages all around it are said to be very beautiful, being built each in some glen or ravine, watered by lovely brooks wildly rushing over beds of granite, their banks luxuriantly covered with trees and flowers—Portugal laurel, tamarisks, and arbutus growing like great trees. The myrtle and arbutus form groves from twenty to thirty feet high, making charming natural bowers. Scattered here and there the cottages, built of granite, and with their gardens full of carnations, roses, fuchsias, hydrangeas, and other rich flowers, add to the beauty of the scene. The climate is delightful, and sometimes on the last day of the year lovely bouquets may be gathered out of doors. The vast moors purple with heath, and strewn far and wide with great boulders of primeval granite, cut up into fragments and looking like the ruins of great cities desolated centuries ago, present contrasting scenes of grandeur. Or you see them piled up in weird forms like uncanny spirits perched on pinnacles from which they are every moment in danger of being hurled, while the vast ocean is seen and heard bellying in the hollows of wild cliffs and caves. At its feet is the glorious expanse of Mount's Bay, and, opposite, St. Michael's Mount lifts its white granite head, crowned with lofty Gothic towers and battlements, reflecting the sparkling sunbeams, the great crags at the foot making an impregnable

barrier to the billows roaring around its base. The town itself is famous for its beautiful mount, which contains tin, topaz, chalcodony, and garnet. It is separated from the main-land by rocks, which at ebb-tide may, for almost a quarter of a mile, be crossed on foot. This town is of high antiquity; for, according to its traditional history, and which also geological researches have served to establish, we are told that when Hiram and Solomon, of Old Testament fame, made their bargain for materials for the temple, the fleets of these monarchs visited Cornwall, so rich in various kinds of metals. The ancient historians of England affirm that there was no Mount's Bay then; but a wild, dense forest, the scene of Druid rites, covered the space of what is now the beautiful expanse of water, and St. Michael's Mount, called in "Doomsday Book" and all others of the oldest records "the hoar mount in the wood," is said to have towered as a beacon and landmark in the midst of dark forests six miles from the sea; and since the founding of the Cornish Geological Society in 1812, there have been discovered roots and trees, in fact, a great submarine forest, about four feet beneath the sand of the bay.

In these remote times, long before the water was there, it is said that Hiram's and Solomon's fleets were once cast upon its vast rocks. A few of the ancient mariners escaped death, but their fleet was lost, and their return to their native land prevented. After wandering about these shores, where Druidical superstitions prevailed, and forbade their mingling with the savage Britons.

the solitary Israelites built a few huts that soon grew into a village, which, from their distress, they called Mara-Zion, or the "Affliction of Zion." Here they raised an altar to the true God, first consecrating to him, after dark ages of paganism, England's fair shores. Digging for metals first gave occupation to these lonely children of Israel, and so the crags and caverns are venerated by Christian England as having first heard the echoes of the songs of Zion.

In this and other parts of Cornwall have been discovered hollow places containing

scoriae and slag and pieces of refined tin, which are called "Jews' houses" and "Jews' house tin," from a belief that these were the spots where the Jews smelted their tin ore. It is thought they did so by the simple process of blowing through tubes, blowing flame upon the metals through them, which produces a fire as fierce as that of a furnace, though not of so great an extent. So it is thought that the blow-pipe is a very ancient invention, and brought to old England's shores by the very romantic first settlers of Mara-Zion.

A SUMMER EVE.

HOW sweet at Summer eve,
By grassy bank or cleve,
At lazy length upon the soft turf thrown,
To scan the solitudes,
The peaceful outspread woods,
And fields with golden flowers freshly strewn.

Haply we then may hear
Come stealing on our ear
Some wild unearthly bursts of melody,
First in disorder'd notes,
Like the low strain that floats
As o'er the harp-strings playful breezes die.

Then with a deeper tone,
Fuller and fuller grown,
It swells and falls, and swells and melts away;
Then, as though hurrying back,
Loath to forsake its track,
Again we faint with joy to hear the magic lay.

Sooth, many a churl is found,
Who ne'er hath trod such ground,
And little reck of such wild minstrelsy,
And of such legend deems
As wandering madness' dreams, [sigh.
Or counts those pensive tones the leafy forest's

But we, whom fancy leads
'Mid hills and flowery meads,
Flying the smoky haunts of hackney'd man,
Steadfast on Nature look,
And con her as our book,
And with familiar warmth her chastest beau-
ties scan.

She, kindling to our love,
Gives us too well to prove
How fetter'd to this clay our spirits are;
For while our souls upon
She pours each magic tone,
And fills with wizard harmony the air,—

Still our dull eyes are seal'd,
And round us unreveal'd
The airy minstrels lead their phantom choir,
While we entranced recline,
Taking no thought of time,
And mounting at each strain in fancy higher.

But, should a step intrude
On our deep solitude,
Sudden we start to weary life again,
And that strange minstrelsy
Is silent as the sky,
We list, and list to catch a note in vain.

But be intruder far,
Nor let us dream we are
The careful denizens of this rude earth,
The while with ravish'd ears,
And eyes mantling with tears,
Of wildest, noblest thoughts we hail the birth.

What though each banish'd scene,
Where earliest joys have been,
Return no more to cheer our blighted way?
Better thus, in rapt trance,
On shatter'd hopes to glance,
Than rear fresh piles again to meet the like
decay.

MAROUSSIA: A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. J. STAHL.

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to relate something that happened a long time ago in Ukraine, in quite an obscure but fresh and altogether charming little corner of that country. I like places that are seldom talked of—that strangers do not often visit—that are left to themselves in the charm of a quiet seclusion. Keeping their own secrets about the most delightful trysting-spots, guarding well their dearest sentiments, their hardest trials, as well as their simple enjoyments, their history does not belong to every body. Their manners and customs are not a copy of those of their neighbors, and if they are proud they are scarcely conscious of it; they are at the same time confiding and unsuspecting.

These little spots have sometimes, without boasting of them, their true heroes. I like such heroes, especially when they do not suspect it themselves, when they are noble and sincere and can do great things without crying out to all the world, "Come! see; I did that—now praise me for it." Solely by reason of being just what they are, having these natural qualities they can not be other than "heroic." But enough of philosophy, as our school-master used to say, when he saw we either did not understand or accept his advice. Let us return to our story.

There was once upon a time, in this little corner of the world to which I have referred, a quaint old house, built a good deal like all the houses in the country round about, and in this house lived a Cossack named Danilo Tehabana with his family.

Now I beg of you do not confound these Ukrainian Cossacks with those of the Don. Those fierce men, with terrible rough beards, round eyes, coarse language, and uncouth manners, did not in the least degree resemble these of whom I speak. The Ukrainians never wear beards until they are fifty years old, so that one saw in this country only

gray beards or smooth faces. The young men sometimes wore a mustache, like the Poles. The Ukrainians are tall, slender, and strongly built. They usually have regular features, well defined eyebrows, large almond-shaped eyes, a calm, proud, rather severe, and somewhat sad expression of countenance.

Would you like to know what this word Cossack signifies? It is a word of Turkish derivation and means "a warrior on horseback." When Ukraine was an independent republic and made war upon the Turks, the Turks called these brave soldiers who fought so heroically Cossacks. I will not try to tell you all the history of this little republic, it would be too long. It is enough to say that during the long years of fighting for their independence these brave people found themselves between two fires, Russia and Poland. Indeed, we might say four fires instead of two, for we must also count the Turks and Tartars. Finally, unable to contend successfully against Poland, this little republic accepted "fraternal" proposals from Russia. "We are too feeble to struggle any longer with our neighbors," they said. "We have sustained the war gloriously, that is true, but we will probably end by our being crushed. Russia proposes an alliance, let us accept it."

Thus felt and spoke the old chief Bogdan Khmulnitski, and the people agreed with him.

For a time all went well. Equality, fraternity, liberty. Russia respected their treaty, but by degrees things changed. At the end of about a year, the people had a thousand reasons for saying to their old Chief Bogdan, "Alas! what have we done?" The brave old chief understood it all only too well, and he wept, they said, for the first time in his life. "We will do what we can to remedy our mistake," he replied; but he could not succeed in bettering their condi-

tion, and soon the old man died of grief. After his death Ukraine was compelled to submit to many trials and humiliations. It was finally divided into two camps. The one adhered to Russia and the other put themselves under the protection of Poland. A third party, indeed, was formed, and this was for independence; but, alas! it was so very small. Precisely at this epoch our story begins.

I have said that the Cossack Danielo Tchabana lived with his family in a small country house. The most discontented person in the world would have been pleased with this house. Danielo had inherited his comfortable little home from his own father, to whom it had been transmitted at the death of the grandfather, and so I don't know how many generations of Tchabanas had passed away from this snug old homestead. It is often remarked that, however wild and uncultivated the surroundings of a new Ukrainian home, the first Spring-time will cover the whole earth with flowers. So you may imagine what a paradise of flowers encircled Danielo's cottage after so many generations had each added their parterre to the ancestral domain. However, we ought to say that Danielo's dwelling-place could never have presented a wild or desolate appearance even to the earliest settler. On the contrary, situated, as it was, between a wide extended steppe and a vast forest, its boundary lines being marked by a deep river, a velvet prairie, a high mountain and a rich and fertile valley, it must have been always charmingly fresh and green, presenting to the eye of the first comer even, in its wild uncultivated aspect, a scene truly picturesque and attractive. Towards the north the steppe rolled away as a flowery plain into indefinite space. It might have been an emerald ocean, thickly strewn with flowers. To the south arose the mountains, partially covered with forests of verdure, yet presenting their strong, uncultivated and picturesque heights. The delicious valley, quite solitary without either highway or by-path, stretched far towards the east. A river of deepest blue watered the prairie—sometimes it flowed quietly, reflecting

the azure sky and the reeds and rushes upon either shore, which formed a beautiful frame to the lovely picture; and again dashing against the rocks, it bounded, boiling and foaming, under the arches of gray granite.

How beautiful and peaceful was this lovely corner of the world! When the sun was up and the dew covered with rosy brightness every blade of grass, 't was like a shower of diamonds and sparkling gems. The birds, concealed in their shady coverts, chirped and sang and hopped about as if too happy to be still, whilst a luminous veil of vapor, tinted and gilded by the magic rays of the sun, floated or hung lightly over the river.

How exquisitely the perfume of flower and shrub blended with the beauty of this lovely vale in the early morning light! The summit of the mountain shone like burnished gold, the forest awoke gradually from the slumbers of the night into a lovely chorus of song, and the plain was a picture of ever-shifting light and shade as far as the eye could reach. This was the morning—the auroral dawn; but the day, the *full day*, how can we paint its marvels of beauty? A flood of glorious light from the azure vault above, the triumphal songs of many birds, the murmur of the water and the sighing of the breeze,—all nature was full to the brim of joy and beauty. As the day drew to its close, the evening—those peaceful, rosy evenings of Ukraine—may be imagined but not fully described.

The stars arose one by one to welcome the moon as she appeared in her full grace and majesty, and the horizon was resplendent with bands of variegated violet, which threw the light of their expiring fires over the dark and silent plain. The border of the forest became dim, and then mysteriously dark. One huge rock, touched by the deepening twilight, threw its shadow over another and another, till, polished like blocks of jet black marble, they stood forth in bold relief in the deepening gloom. In the little garden, with its tufts of flowers, between the branches of a wild rose-tree and the snow-white bloom of the cherry, gleamed the pretty little windows of Danielo's house.

But I am perhaps wrong in attempting to

describe pictures of which the eye could never grow weary.

I must add that with all this natural splendor of landscape, all these blessings from a good and beneficent God, the inhabitants of this charming little home were also surrounded by good and tried friends. On fête days, especially, the family of Danielo Tchabana had many visitors. Sometimes it was Seméne Vorochilo who came, sometimes Andry Kronk; again they heard in the distance the fresh, musical voice of Hanna, the laughing beauty and belle of the neighborhood, or perhaps they saw the little boat of Vassil Grime approaching the shore, and, following him, five, six, perhaps ten others, men, women, young girls, and youths, little children and the gray hairs of age—all were friends and visitors of Danielo. Why should I try to enumerate them? They were not few, and when I tell you they were firm and true, what more can I add. I would not presume to tell you how good it is to have friends. If ever you have felt that sentiment for one who was worthy, you know its real value. The word of a friend, the answering eye of a friend, his hand in yours, make three-fourths of the happiness of life. If you have never known this happiness mere words will not teach it you. Make yourself worthy of true friendship, then may we talk of its hallowed, blessed influence; otherwise, were you as great as Solomon himself, you could not comprehend its pleasure and its priceless value. Certainly one might have been very happy and contented in a spot such as we have described, if men were like their flocks and herds, desiring nothing higher or better than rich and abundant pasturage. But I have already given you to understand the state of affairs—trouble and distress reigned supreme. The country was greatly harassed on every side. Oppressed and downtrodden by the Russians on the one hand, and by the aristocracy of Poland on the other, a general revolt ensued, and the people bitterly lamented their lost independence. Ukraine was invaded by Russian troops. The chief of the Muscovite party was overwhelmed with favors from the czar; the

chief of the Polish division fortified himself in one of the towns, and invited all friends to join him there. Which side was safest?

The times were hard indeed. Eyes unused to weep were overflowing with tears, and the wisest heads were puzzled.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNKNOWN TRAVELER.

THERE was a reunion at the house of Danielo Tchabana. The evening was dark and gloomy; the host pensive and silent. Those usually most talkative and hilarious scarcely smiled. They looked more than they spoke. It was plainly visible that every body had the same care.

From time to time one addressed himself to Andry Kronk. Were the walls of Tchiguirine able to resist an assault? Were the defenses secure? Had they read the last proclamation of the chief? Did they know whether many volunteers had presented themselves? Andry Kronk, evidently well-informed about all these things, replied very satisfactorily. He described the ramparts of Tchiguirine, the moats, the gates, the trenches, like a man who had passed that way and seen every thing more than once, and very recently, too.

Whilst the men were talking the women listened anxiously, and when the men smoked silently for a while they would exchange a few words in a low tone.

"Another battle near Velika," said one.

"How many were killed?" demanded Moghila.

"They have burned Tirny. The houses are reduced to ashes, and the village Kritritza is burned also."

"Do you know," said a young girl, "do you know whether—?" but she could not finish. Her lips grew pale, great tears blinded her eyes, and her teeth were so firmly set by anguish that she could not unclothe them.

An old woman with a brown handkerchief twisted about her head, from which escaped a few locks of beautiful gray hair, with cold, rigid features, in the midst of which her large, black eyes burned like stars, said:

"Mine are all dead. I am alone in the

world. They said to me, 'We are going away to fight,' and I, looking at them, replied, 'Yes, my children;' and they added, 'Ukraine shall regain her independence,' and I replied again, 'Yes, my children.' All three of them were left on the battlefield, and Ukraine is not free."

"Ah," said a young woman, "our men are killed, and yet nothing is gained. If they might only say, I die, but I leave to others that which I die for—"

The old woman quickly interrupted her.

"Thou hast not comprehended me, child. When we act and work for our country, we are not trading. We do not say, Shall I succeed? but, It is my duty; and we throw ourselves at once into the thickest of the fight. If we are killed, we have died well. It is a better fate than to live ill. Mine acted just so, God rest their souls. If it were to do over again, they would do just as they have done."

"You are right, you are right," cried out several women at once.

Others said nothing, but wept silently.

The children even were silent. They played no longer. They neither cried nor laughed, but, scarcely daring to breathe, stood almost like statues, looking curiously into the faces of the older people, and hearing every word that was said.

A little girl, very, very small, with beautiful blonde hair, great, bright eyes, and scarlet lips, seemed entirely absorbed in her own affairs. She held in her apron bits of pliant twigs, which she was weaving and plaiting into a pretty mat.

The evening advanced, becoming more and more gloomy, yet still more quiet and calm. Every body ceased talking; the little girl fell asleep with the unfinished mat held lightly in her delicate fingers.

Night came and the stars shone forth brilliantly. Suddenly there was a knock at the window. This was so unexpected that they could not believe their own ears; but the knock was repeated again and again, very distinctly, very firmly.

The master of the house arose and walked towards the door to open it. His guests relighted their pipes and began to smoke. A

final knock, quick and sharp, was heard upon the window. The smokers trembled slightly—the children looked at them inquiringly. Danielo partly opened the door, "Who knocks here?" demanded he. A firm male voice replied, "A traveler who has lost his way begs hospitality." "Welcome, welcome," said Danielo, and he opened wide the door and invited the traveler to enter. For an instant the inmates caught sight of the bright stars and a fresh breath of the evening air penetrated the warm room. There, upon the threshold, appeared a tall man of such height that he was obliged to bend his head as he entered the room. Beauty is not rare in Ukraine. Nevertheless, it would have been difficult to have found an equal for the traveler who had just entered the cottage. His face was one of that noble type upon which the eye of the most careless observer rests instinctively, with a sudden sentiment of respect. One was compelled to say in looking at him, "That man ought to be a king among men." His tall figure was elegant and graceful, his whole physique breathed forth calmness and strength. Never did stars or diamonds or the lightning itself show more brightness than sparkled in the eyes of the splendid stranger. Master Danielo and his friends were struck with all these things, but the Ukrainians know how to keep their impressions to themselves, and they betrayed nothing of what they saw and felt, receiving the stranger just as a traveler should be welcomed in an honest man's house, with cordiality and friendly recognition.

They gave him a chair near the table and kindly offered him refreshments. The traveler bore himself with modesty, politeness, and some reserve. Being a stranger, and consequently having no right to any especial attention from the host and his friends, he did not seek to obtain it. He did not at once begin, as many others would have done, to relate his adventures. He did not think it right to make strangers a party to his schemes if he had any—he did not even look with a curious questioning eye upon the people and their surroundings. He asked no questions, but replied kindly to all

that was said. When he spoke it was about things which at that time interested the world at large, the disasters to the country, the burning towns and the devastated fields which he had seen on his route.

Master Danielo and his friends imitated the stranger's reserve. They were probably asking themselves whence he came and where he was going, in what part of the country he was born; but since he said nothing they demanded nothing. They saw very plainly that though still young he knew a great deal of the manners of the Turks, the customs of the Poles, the character of the Russians, and the habits of the Tartars; he was familiar with it all. He appeared not less acquainted with the Island of Setch. As for Ukraine, 't was evident that he had traveled over the whole of it—that he had visited, perhaps lived in, the larger cities as well as in the smaller towns, and was familiar with many of the country homes. More than one of the guests had noticed and were wondering about a deep scar on his left cheek—where and how had he received this wound? certainly it had been given by a trenchant blade. But that concerns himself alone.

Meanwhile the traveler, reassured by the welcome he had received, became more communicative. He described with a startling vividness the battles which had just taken place; one might have supposed that he had taken part in them. They listened to him with closest attention, scarcely daring to breathe. The men, usually so impassive, were all aglow with enthusiasm—the women wept and sobbed aloud, and the children forgot their inclination to sleep and listened with breathless interest. Suddenly they heard two shots, then several others quickly followed a short interval, and still another was heard. All ears were strained to the utmost. These shots came from across the steppe. They listened for a long time, but the silence was not broken.

"Ah! powder has a voice even in your peaceful country," at length said the stranger. "That must have come from beside the highway leading to Tchiguirine." "That came from every side successively," said

Danielo, shaking his head. "T was growing late. The women arose to return to their homes. "We must put our children to bed," said they. More than one had instinctively taken theirs into their arms. Some of them were large and robust, others small and pale. There were young and old, but all had the same expression—that expression of strong energetic will we often find when, after many sufferings and struggles, the decision is made to be calm in the face of every thing, were it death itself. They bade each other again adieu upon the threshold, exchanging an affectionate smile or a friendly nod of the head. All passed away quite as usual, and yet every one felt that there was a gathering tempest in the air. In the eyes of these women, these mothers, these sisters, the affianced and the young girls, there was but the glimmer of a faint hope. "Adieu, adieu," they said calmly. "Good night," and all the company dispersed along the gloomy foot-paths and disappeared. The two most intimate friends, Andry Kronk and Semme Vorochilo, alone remained with Danielo and the unknown traveler.

CHAPTER III.

THE LITTLE MAROUSSIA.

WHEN at last the two friends and host were left alone, the mistress of the house having retired to her own room, "Is there any means of conveyance from here to Tchiguirine?" asked the stranger, lowering his voice and speaking very confidentially, as one involuntarily does when danger is nearer than he would like to acknowledge.

"That might be very difficult," replied Master Danielo, instinctively in his turn speaking almost in a whisper. His two friends said nothing; but quietly puffed great volumes of smoke from their pipes, closely contracting their bushy eyebrows. This expressed, without words, but quite as plainly, the same advice as Master Danielo had just given.

The eyes of the stranger were fixed for an instant upon the stolid figure of Danielo, then with the same searching glance upon the faces of the two friends. A single look

of his penetrating eye was sufficient to discover what kind of hardships and trials they had been accustomed to, how they would despise peril in the hour of necessity and with what skill they could ward off a blow when fortune and life depended upon it. This mute confidence established, "Nevertheless," said the stranger, "I must go there, and by the shortest and most direct route."

"A direct road to Tchiguirine," replied Andry Kronk promptly, "even a crow could not accomplish that."

"Is the distance very great?" demanded the stranger.

"The length of the way does n't matter when the road is good," said Semme Vorochilo; "but if that were all right, if it is absolutely impossible to go, what difference does it make about the road?"

Pronouncing these words Semme Vorochilo fixed his eye steadily upon the face of the stranger.

"We travelers," replied the unknown man, "are not always at liberty to choose the most agreeable road. In default of a good one we must be satisfied with even the worst. What matters it? When one is ordered to go to a certain place there must be no drawing back. Sometimes he may be fortunate enough to procure a faithful, reliable companion in his journey! I will not conceal from you, most honorable masters, that I have been more than once so fortunate as to meet at the most hopeless moment just such brave hearts and strong arms, tireless feet as were necessary to me."

At these words of the stranger Master Danielo and his two friends raised their heads.

"You are right, honorable stranger," replied Danielo, "a brave and devoted companion is worth all the doubtful in the universe."

"There is no lack of resolute hearts in Ukraine," said Andry Kronk; "as to that, I'll vouch for it no other country can surpass our own."

"Well said, Kronk," replied Master Danielo.

"The Poles may boast of having brave lords; the Turks of their magnificent sul-

tans; the Muscovites of a set of intelligent, skillful, merry fellows; as to ourselves we can boast of one thing, which is worth all the rest;—it is that we are 'Brothers,' no more, no less."

"In the best fields we may find a bit of cheat," quickly replied Danielo; "but is the wheat any the less good for that?"

"No, certainly not," said Vorochilo; "still there is something yet to be considered."

"What is that?" replied the stranger.

"It is that we can not always distinguish the good from the bad grain. 'He who wears a black cowl is not always a monk.'"

"The Good Shepherd recognizes his sheep even under the wolf-skin," said the stranger.

Then they sat for some time in perfect silence looking from one to the other. They were learning to understand each other, and words were become useless.

"Brothers, I salute you," at length said the stranger. "Your brothers of the Setch send you respectful, friendly greeting; I am their envoy. I am going to Tchiguirine."

"We are under your orders. We are your friends," replied the three Ukrainians.

"What have you to tell me? What do you know? What is passing around you?" demanded the envoy.

"Nothing good," replied Danielo. "One is in league with the Muscovites; another, after having invited the Turks to come to his aid, is at this very moment in conference with the Poles."

"That is only too true," said the friends, and their strong faces expressed profound grief.

"The more reason why I should go on to Tchiguirine," said the envoy of the Setch, "and without losing time."

"All the roads are cut off," replied Vorochilo.

"And the Passage of Gonna?"

"Occupied and put in a state of defense by the Muscovites."

The envoy was plunged for a moment into deep thought, not over the difficulties, but over the means by which they should be overcome.

"We Cossacks of the Setch," said he at

last, "we are neither in league with Muscovites nor Poles; we fight for Ukraine. You see, then, how necessary it is that I should get into Tchiguirine. Of your two chiefs one has sold himself, they say,—but the other?"

"The other, the Aman Petro Dorochenko," said Kronk, "is an honest man."

"I know it," said the envoy; "but proud, passionate, and impulsive as he is, we may well fear that with the earnest desire to save Ukraine he will lose it. In his irritation against the Russians he forgets that we have other adversaries."

"He is upon the point of doing a very foolish thing—in plain words, throwing himself out of the frying-pan into the fire. I am commissioned to prevent this—but in order to succeed it is absolutely necessary that I see him. If I am delayed—" Here the envoy suddenly stopped and looked about him. The mistress of the house was still absent—two little boys were sleeping quietly upon a long bench. He was upon the point of resuming his discourse when suddenly, at the extremity of the apartment, he saw two large sparkling eyes fixed upon him, which seemed to drink in every word he said. He arose and walked toward this disquieting vision, when he discovered that these two glowing eyes were those of a simple, kindly, little girl who, crouched in an obscure corner of the room, was gazing at him like a charmed bird.

Danielo had followed the eyes of the envoy, and discovered the object of his preoccupation.

"That is my daughter," said he, "my brave little girl, good and wise far beyond her years;" and, calling to her, he said, "Maroussia, come here." Maroussia approached immediately.

She was a veritable little Ukrainian girl, with velvet eyebrows, cheeks browned by the sun, yet altogether exquisitely beautiful—beautiful by reason of a charming expression of countenance as well as by regularity and purity of feature—true type of Ukraine.

She wore a loose embroidered under garment, according to the fashion of the coun-

try; a petticoat of dark blue and a scarlet girdle. Her magnificent hair of golden hue was plaited in heavy masses; yet the curls escaped from the folds, rippling and shining in silken waves. The girls of this country are always adorned with flowers in Summer, and Maroussia still had a few bright red blossoms in her hair.

"Maroussia," said her father, "thou hast listened to our conversation."

"I did not wish to listen," replied the child. "In spite of myself at first I heard much that was said, and after that I did listen."

"And then what didst thou hear, my child?"

"I heard every thing."

Her voice was admirably clear and firm.

"Tell me what hast thou heard, my child?"

The brilliant eyes of Maroussia were turned quickly and steadily toward the envoy of the Setch.

"I understood that it is necessary that our great stranger friend should go very quickly to Tchiguirine, and that in order to save Ukraine it is necessary that he should see the Aman."

"Thou hast heard all, indeed," said Danielo, "and understood it all. Now listen to me, Maroussia. That which thou hast heard this evening, thou must never speak of to a soul that lives. If any one asks thee questions, thou knowest nothing. Dost thou comprehend what a secret is?"

"It is something that must be kept at any price and in any danger," replied the child.

"Very well," said the father, in a grave tone, "thou art now the keeper of a secret."

"Yes, father," said Maroussia.

Master Danielo said nothing more. Maroussia made no more promises, but those two words, "yes, father," spoken as that child uttered them, would have removed the incredulity of St. Thomas himself.

"Where is thy mother?" demanded Master Danielo. "Go and tell her that the little brothers are asleep."

Maroussia turned toward the door, but the moment she had opened it stopped suddenly, listening acutely to a noise from with-

out. One might have thought a whole troop of cavalry was galloping in the direction of the house. The noise increased rapidly. Cries and imprecations were mingled with the neighing of horses. In an instant there was a tumult equal to the arrival of a train or a full detachment. Hoarse voices and bitter cursings were heard from all sides. The door of the bed-chamber opened and the mistress of the house, with blanched face and startled eyes, said:

"Those are soldiers—a squadron of cavalry—perhaps a whole regiment. They are—"

"Do n't let it frighten or make you lose your senses," said Danielo.

The Setch envoy had arisen quietly with no appearance of alarm, and the others were no less composed. Not a word was spoken. Each one was thinking rapidly of the best step to be taken.

The mother of Maroussia closed and barred the door, and, with her back against it, stood waiting the orders of her husband. Maroussia clung to the side of her mother. Her lips were a little pale, but her countenance expressed perfect calmness.

"Thou, Vorochilo, and thou, Kronk, art asleep. My wife and daughter are occupied in sewing; but I am absent. I've gone to see a friend. Vorochilo and Kronk have come to buy beeves from me. They have, perhaps, been drinking; are sound asleep and snoring, whilst they await my return. This in order to gain time." Then addressing himself to the envoy, he said: "The front of the house alone is occupied. The window of the kitchen opens upon the step. Follow me."

The father exchanged a hasty and significant glance with his little daughter as he left the room. All this was executed as quickly and perfectly as if prepared a long time beforehand. The two men lay down upon the benches, sleeping as quietly as the little boys had been for an hour or two. The mistress and the little girl were sewing. Master Danielo and the envoy had disappeared.

"Dismount and knock at the door," cried a rude voice from without.

"Blood and thunder! stave it in," roared another, more imperious than the first.

The mistress of the house, with work in hand, approached the window.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" said she, in a tone of voice which did not betray the least alarm.

By way of reply several of the window-panes were smashed with a terrible crash. At the same time the head and shoulders of a large man, whose red and angry face carried a bristling mustache, leaned across the casement, hastily searching with his fiery and malignant gaze every corner of the room.

"Why do you stand looking at me?" cried this person. "Why not open the door? Do you prefer to have it beaten down?"

The mistress, thus addressed, recoiled a step or two. "The children are asleep," said she; "and it's a wonder that they can sleep so quietly. These two men are asleep also. Pray do not make so much noise."

"Open the door, foolish woman," vociferated the man.

The wife of Danielo, as if paralyzed with fear, did not move a step. The door trembled violently under the blows of the assailants, but she did not yield. The body of the man, his face still more scarlet with rage, was thrust half-way through the broken window, and the muzzle of a large pistol was pointed at the breast of the mistress.

"If in one second this door is not opened wide," cried he, "I'll shoot you down."

The wife of Danielo took a step toward the door, then stood like a statue in the effort to obey an order which she seemed not quite to comprehend.

"Cursed woman," cried the furious officer; but some one from without caught hold of him and drew him away, when the figure of another officer appeared.

"Woman," said this man, "we will have the right to fire upon your house, and not one of its inmates shall go out alive if you do not at once open the door and allow our men to enter."

The mistress, as if completely bewildered with terror, went hastily toward the door, but

either by reason of awkwardness or terrible fright, it seemed as if neither key nor bolt would respond to her efforts.

"I will open, my lords; do you not see that I am trying? But this lock bewilders me so; I must certainly have it fixed to-morrow."

At last the door flew open. God grant she may have thus secured time enough. Soldiers and officers rushed precipitately into the cottage, and instantly they set about searching every corner. One might have thought them a pack of wolves in search of prey that had suddenly disappeared. The smallest of the two boys awoke suddenly from his sleep, uttering the most piercing cries. The oldest one looked around upon every thing without showing any alarm.

"You squalling brat, hush this instant," said one of the officers to the little boy who was crying. The officer with the fiery red face said nothing, but lifting his foot sent the little fellow, mute at last with terror, rolling under the bench upon which he had just been sleeping.

"Coward, coward!" said the oldest boy; "when I grow to be a big man—"

But the ugly, red-faced man had other things to listen to at that moment. With a second kick he had raised Kronk, who seemed to be in a drunken sleep, opening and closing his wondering eyes as if making an effort to keep awake.

Vorochilo, awakened by the same process, seemed as if he did not know what to think at seeing these aggressors. He called the big officer by the name of one of his boon companions, Generasime, and the other he called Stephane, gazing at one with a stupid smile and winking his eye in a friendly way at the other, fell back again upon the bench, saying:

"Let's all go to bed; it's quite time."

The soldiers looked from one to the other.

"That is he," said one.

"That is not he," said the others.

"What a set of rascals these people are! There is not one among them who is not a traitor."

"Silence!" cried the man with the red

face. Then seating himself at a table, he made a sign to the mistress of the house, saying rudely, "Come here."

She approached the table.

"Who are you?" demanded he.

"I am the wife of Danielo Tchabana."

"Where is your husband?"

"He has gone to see a friend."

"Wait. I shall have to learn something more about this friend." Taking up a knout which one of the soldiers carried—one that was richly ornamented and carved upon the handle—"And those two, those drunken rascals, those two dogs, who are they?"

In order better to make her understand of whom he spoke, he struck the shoulders of Kronk and the body of Vorochilo with the knout.

"Wilt thou speak?" said he, making a menace toward her.

The woman stepped back instinctively, as she would have done if she had found herself face to face with a wild beast; but after a momentary effort overcame her dread.

"Those are my neighbors, my lord. They have come to buy cattle, and fell asleep while waiting for my husband."

"Yes, my lord, we have come to buy three beeves of Danielo," said Andry Kronk. "Yes; these cattle we promised to deliver to-morrow, and we do not find Master Danielo at home. Judge of our disappointment! 'Well,' said I to my companion," pointing, as he spoke to Vorochilo, who although awake, seemed scarcely to be able to keep his eyes open; "'well,' said I to my comrade, 'the master is not here; that's unfortunate.' 'Yes,' replied my comrade, 'that is unfortunate; for there is nothing to be done.' 'What bad luck!' said I; 'but what will you do? he is not here.' 'No,' replied my man, 'Danielo is not here, and a whole day is lost—yes, lost,' replied he; 'but what will you do?' 'One can't always foresee every thing.' 'No,' said my comrade again; 'one can't foresee every thing. But notwithstanding that the market will be held to-morrow.'"

"Will you never finish, rascals?" cried the man with the red face. "Oh, you traitors, I know your cunning. Soldiers, bind these two fellows, and do it well."

This was quickly done. They were at once bound with their hands behind their backs.

At this moment the master of the house entered the room.

"Who art thou?" roared the man with the red face (he was evidently the chief of the band). "How hast thou dared to come in here?"

"I am the owner of this cabin, my lord," replied Danielo, making a salutation; "you are in my house, and I have just come in."

"Hello! men; station sentinels at the door, and allow no one to come in or go out," said the officer to his men. Then addressing himself to Danielo, "As you value your life answer me without delay, Where is the bandit that we are looking for? If your reply is not satisfactory, if you answer me with idle stories, I will blow you to atoms. Now tell me what I ask, Where is the zaporogue?"

"The zaporogue?" replied Danielo, with calmness and surprise. "That's the first time that name was ever pronounced in my hearing. I do not know any zaporogue."

Then turning to the other two men, the officer yelled furiously: "Do you, too, want to make me believe that you do not know the bandits who have set you a-going? You might as well tell me that my soldiers do not know their chief. This zaporogue is in this part of the country. He came this way; now where is he? Tell me instantly, or I will set fire to your miserable cabin and roast you alive in it—you and your wife and your little ones."

"My lord," said Danielo, "I declare to you that I have never heard of any such person as you have named."

"You don't intend to tell. Well, be it so; your case is clear." And turning toward Vorochoilo and Andry Kronk, "Rascals," said he to them, "I suppose you, too, mean to say that you know nothing more about the zaporogue than this other stubborn fool."

"I beg your pardon, my lord," replied Semene Vorochoilo, who seemed to be more dead than alive, "I—"

"Speak out, you beast."

"I have seen him."

"You have seen him, and you did not instantly denounce him as a traitor!"

"I was too much afraid, my lord. I was bewildered, and then—"

"And then, you villain?"

"And then he had already left."

"Where did you see him?"

"At the cattle fair, my lord, at Frosny."

"Whom was he with?"

"With a big dog, my lord, a big, black, superb dog, of that very fine breed that barks like a hundred devils, and that—"

"Idiot! you are a dog yourself. It is not of the dog that I speak, but of the master and his infamous followers. This zaporogue was not alone, I am sure. A band of worthless fellows followed him, eh?"

"A band of rascals, sir, what band?"

"What a fool the man is. The crowd of men and women who run after him."

"Yes, my lord; there was a great crowd every-where. They jostled and crowded every body—"

"The name?"

"What name, my lord?"

"The name of those people who were following this man."

"Why, that was the crowd, sir, nothing but the crowd."

"Oh, the animal! the brute!" exclaimed the officer.

"Do not you see," said another officer, "that this peasant is an idiot? You are losing your time with him."

"You astonish me, my dear captain," said another officer, who had remained quietly seated during the whole of this scene. "Why such ardor? Is it because we have not time to arrest this scapegrace? Is there nothing more important than to shoot traitors? If he has escaped us, it will not be for a very long time. Do you forget that since the early morning we have been riding furiously without meat or drink, and that it is not healthy to have an empty stomach? Let's see if this little house can not serve us. You would not be displeased to have a good supper. After supper we will be better able to resume the chase for this bandit. My faith, good captain, you are as red

as a turkey cock. Hast thou unfortunately forgotten the direction of your medical man?—'No excessive emotion, no temper, no anger, moderate exercise, regular meals,' and your poor wife, who exacted of me so many promises to watch over and care for you like a brother? She would be in a pretty state if she could but see in what a foolish rage you have put yourself."

"Hush," replied the man with the red face, in a stifled voice. "Let's have some supper."

Then turning toward Danielo:

"Didst thou understand? Whatever there is good in your larder, let it be on this table in two minutes; in two minutes, I say," bringing down his fist upon the table so violently as to shake the whole house.

"Odaker, hurry," said Danielo.

Odaker went out, carrying her two little boys in her arms—the oldest one not being willing to leave his father's side. She very soon reappeared, both hands filled with dishes. She was calm, and spoke not a word, while at the same time her eye ran hurriedly around the room with anxiety.

Semene Vorochilo and Andry Kronk, with their hands tied behind their backs, their knees bound together with a strong cord, were standing in one corner of the room; Danielo, with his arms crossed, occupied another. With the exception of a single sentinel at the door the soldiers had disappeared. The officers were seated at the table, their swords by their sides, and pistols by their plates, and soon they were eating and drinking, laughing and talking gayly.

And little Maroussia, where was she? The beauty of the night heavens, the singular and peculiar brilliancy of the stars, the depth and transparency of its azure, are a cause of natural astonishment and envy to the southerner who rarely visits our country. This night was unusually splendid. Maroussia, light and silent as a shadow, had disappeared a few moments after the entrance of her father. Perhaps, a glance from him, incomprehensible to others, had told her what she must attempt; or had she yielded to her own inspiration? However that may be, it was just at this moment that

she glided out of the room, unperceived by every body, and after passing as lightly as a thought through the midst of the horses and soldiers which encircled the house, she reached the garden. Once there the child suddenly stopped under a large cherry tree, and pressed her hand against her heart, for this little heart was beating as if it would break. Her head was on fire, the hot tears ran from her beautiful eyes. She was sad, sad almost unto death; but not in despair. She was thinking of safety for him without knowing whence it was to come. The evening breeze refreshed her and quieted the agitation of her breast. She listened intently. Had they discovered her flight? The confused, but monotonous voices of the soldiers came reassuringly to her ear. She also heard the loud voices and laughter of the officers who did not suspect that any one noted their merry-making. They laughed and made merry—but what was she about to attempt? Her eye rested upon the house which inclosed all that she most loved and revered. How dear were these places, how dear was the whole of Ukraine! The child suddenly fell upon her knees and kissed with her burning lips the ground which she might be obliged to abandon forever. "O God," said she, "aid me, help me!" Then she arose, strengthened. Every thing was unusually peaceful beneath those flowering branches. She took a few steps forward, and cautiously peered into the hedge. There was nothing there. Then she turned to the left, listening acutely, scarcely daring to breathe. Her eye questioned every shadow. She explored every by-path. Was she looking for some one? At last she stood under the large apple trees at the end of the garden. What? nothing yet, no one here? She looked all about her for the last time. Even in the light of the stars one might have perceived how pale and anxious was her face. She made a quick movement, as if frightened, like a troubled bird that had suddenly left its nest. She had also a vexed feeling. A butterfly, awakened by her presence, had brushed across her face, and it made her start and tremble. Was she then so very weak?

She remained a long time leaning against a tree, whose foliage had protected and concealed her. The breeze strewed the white flowers of the apple tree over the green turf, and the child said to herself, "It is just like snow." Yet she was afraid that the rustling of the leaves might obscure another sound, the faintest indication of which the bowed head and attentive ear was intently listening for.

Ah! a few steps before her, between two trees, standing erect. Could she be deceived? was it only a shadow? No, it was the tall, slight figure of the new friend, for whom, at this moment, her father and mother were suffering,—for whom also she would brave every thing. The figure was not still, but glided, like a serpent, in and out amongst the trees. It was seeking, certainly, the narrow hidden pathway leading to the river. With a rapid step Maroussia ran after him. Very soon she heard the noisy flow of the river. A hedge only separated the envoy from it.

Over this hedge he leaned and looked, and at the foot of an enormous tree, whose branches dipped into the flowing stream, he saw a boat. A boat! that was his especial object. The river, this was the road which would not betray him, and he was about to clear the hedge which separated him from it, when suddenly two little hands closed upon his arm, and a low, sweet voice said to him:

"No, no, not that way—not the boat. The river is a mirror, upon which every thing can be seen, even at a great distance."

Certainly he was very much astonished, more astonished than if he had found himself suddenly surrounded by a dozen soldiers armed to the teeth; but he did not allow himself to show it. He was a man too long habituated to every kind of surprise. He very soon recognized the little girl.

"What art thou doing here, my little girl?" asked he, smiling upon the child, as if he had met her in an evening walk under circumstances the most favorable to friendly conversation.

But some seconds passed before Maroussia, out of breath and much agitated, could add

any thing to the words she had first uttered. The man rested his hand upon the head of the child and passed it caressingly over her hair as he said to her, "Recover yourself, my little one." He was strong, intrepid, shrewd, and valiant, but at this moment, before this palpitating little bird, a ray of divine kindness softened and effaced all else from the manly visage of the soldier. His strong hand, accustomed to the use of deadly weapons and rude instruments of warfare, was gentle as that of a mother in its touch of Maroussia, and his eyes were full of tenderness as he looked upon her. Confidence, like that of long acquaintance, was immediately established between these two, and Maroussia soon found voice to say:

"The river will not best conduct you to Tchigurine, and that is the point you wish to reach, is it not? I've thought of another means of getting there."

"I am listening to thee, my child," replied the fugitive.

"Away down there, some distance across the steppe, my father has a little cabin and a stable where they leave the big oxen in Summer when they are making hay, so that they need not lead them back to the house at evening. A big wagon, filled with hay, is before the door, which is to be taken away to-morrow by my father. The oxen are waiting the break of day in the stable. We will be there, you and I, in one hour. Then I shall yoke, we will yoke the big oxen. You will conceal yourself under the hay, and I will lead you first to the house of Master Knich. Master Knich is a friend of my father and of all his friends. He comes to our house, and when he comes he talks with the others. I could tell him every-thing, or, if you do not wish it, I will not tell Master Knich any thing. But I will try to do—to do—"

She stopped undecided, for she did not know just what was best to decide on this point, but in a moment she resumed, "I will do just what you tell me. O! I will do it all."

As he listened to her his eyes were moistened with tears as he said, "Who gave you this idea, Maroussia?"

THE WOMAN QUESTION IN FRANCE.

THE aspirations of the new republican régime in France have brought into the foreground the question which has long been a bone of contention elsewhere—the education of women. And there it assumes the curious phase of a contest for the power and influence of women, between the politicians, the husbands, and the priests; and to judge from the general lamentations, the latter are now mainly in possession.

With all the social power that women have so conspicuously maintained in the course of French history, they have been kept very much in the background in the matter of civil rights; and the equality of rights between man and woman have ever been contested in principle, however much admitted in practice. The elasticity of the French woman will always bring her to the surface the moment the repressive force is removed. Abrogate the articles of the French civil code that prevent a married woman from controlling her property, and she would soon learn to administer her estates. Break the bonds that now enchain her, let her decide on her own career, choose her own studies, and develop her own powers, and she would take an important position in all the affairs of society and humanity.

And she is now struggling for equality—not identity—a condition which she is more likely to gain than at any former period in the history of her land. Some of the most intelligent of the French legislators are now earnestly endeavoring to enlarge the opportunities for female education, which are, on the whole, extremely restricted in France. In this regard the French woman is mainly in the hands of the priest. But her liberal friends are demanding that she have opportunities afforded by the state to have an advanced liberal education. The first echoes of this discussion were extremely dissonant to the French ear, and the people were hardly willing to listen to it. But by degrees the tones have become more acceptable and the discussions less harsh.

To indulge in a little retrospection, the woman question in France has never been placed in a sensible, not to say honest, light. It has nearly always been treated by extremists in the social economy, or by fanciful theorists. The sect of so-called Saint Simonians have inflated it, while the Fourierites have degraded it. None of the reformers have succeeded in placing it in a light whence any thing practicable could be observed. The liberty granted to woman by the reformer Fourier was a liberty of love, and virtually degraded her to the rank of a concubine. *Enfantin* claimed for her a sacerdotal character, like the priestesses of old, whilst the vulgar Proudhon saw for her no medium between the courtesan and the household drudge. Michelet thought to do her honor by a sort of exalted mysticism, and his poem of love was a continued accusation of feminine weakness; and by excess of tenderness he arrived at the same goal attained by Proudhon through austerity.

But many of these rude attacks have been lately most brilliantly answered by that famous authoress, Madame Juliette Lamber, in a work of superior polemics, entitled "*Anti-Proudhon Ideas*." And this same lady is now appearing before the French public as the editress of an enterprise entitled the *New Review*, the first numbers of which are now on the counters.

Girardin, the most famous of all French publicists, long ago advanced the theory of "equivalent powers" in the sexes in the following terms: "The sexes are equal, not in similitude, but in equivalence of powers and functions. If man acquires and produces, woman administers, saves, and preserves; and to defend her rights and interests is to do no wrong to man. To fight and conquer for woman is to fight and conquer for himself." But before arriving at this modern precision and simplicity, it was necessary to pass through a baptism of fire, and the alembic of sarcasm and reproach.

During the late Universal Exposition in

Paris there were world conventions of nearly every imaginable interest, and among these was one of the friends of woman's progress, composed mostly of ladies from many parts of the world. Our curiosity led us to spend an afternoon in listening to the debates, during which were said many reasonable and judicious things, interlarded with not a few eccentricities of an ultra character. When it came to the appointment of committees to prepare papers on certain subjects, one of the appointed ladies rose and begged to be excused for reasons that she hesitated to give. But the appointment being pressed upon her, she said: "My reasons for declining are purely of a family nature. If I should take an active part in the proceedings of this body I would become the target of sarcasm and obloquy, to the great grief of my aged parents. For myself I could stand this for the sake of my convictions, but I can not consent to bring grief to the gray hairs of those who are so dear to me." She was excused, and her name was only whispered among the hearers. She was said to belong to a distinguished family.

Indeed the shafts of satire have always flown thickly in France the moment the discussion of this question was brought forward. Even men of mental distinction have done but little more than favor it with biting sarcasm, and for nearly half a century it has been the last and most prolific refuge of caricaturists. The most famous one of these that France has ever known, the renowned "Cham," found the subject inexhaustible for thirty years, and recently died of grief, some say, because it was becoming the fashion to treat the woman question with calm reasons instead of ridicule.

Nowadays, however, this kind of argument is becoming difficult, for it affords nothing new, and the Frenchman is always on the *qui vive* for novelty. The individual initiative of women into the serious work of the world elsewhere has proved to France that she also may have an appropriate arena for many of her noblest daughters, so that she may soon point to them elsewhere than in the "Galleries of Celebrated Women."

Many of them have long been noted in

the field of literature, and of late they are distinguishing themselves in painting, sculpture, and even science. Madame du Chatelet was formerly quoted as the most distinguished mathematician that nature had ever produced, and the names of other women in the discoveries of pure science have adorned the learned annals of France. But hitherto women have engaged in these labors unaided and without encouragement, while the tide is now turning towards a disposition to support and encourage them, and thus in the face of much opposition the French are much more inclined to look the problem of woman's advance in the face, and profit by what they see elsewhere.

And for this example they need less to look to the lands of dreamy poetry like Spain and Italy than to those of practical progress and modern development. England can not be taxed with frivolity as one of her faults, and there they find this question assuming almost national proportions. Germany can not be accused of levity and inconstancy, and it is gravely and seriously proceeding with method and reflection to enhance the sphere of woman's efforts. And more than to even these the French are looking to America where they find but little inclination to worship chimeras.

In this review they see the most distinguished men engaged in the serious study of the social condition of woman—such as Stuart Mill, John and Jacob Bright, Sir Charles Dilke, and Professor Fawcett, while at home an intelligent coterie of progressive men are led on by Emile de Girardin. The example of Germany, Switzerland, England, America, and even Austria, is contagious, and the result is a practical inauguration of a work that has too long been in the hands of utopians and dreamers.

And the prominent practical effort of the hour is the endeavor to secure a secondary education for girls that is not in the hands of the clergy, for at present the convent is the resort of nearly all the upper classes for the education of their daughters. Camille See is now engaged in urging on the French Chambers a proposition to have higher schools for the girls as well as for the boys, which

shall be in the hands of the state, and to which they can resort for daily lessons while living at home and enjoying parental society and care. The struggle is between what they call external and internal education. Hitherto it has been mainly internal; that is, the young girls have been "interned" in the convents with the privilege of occasional visits home, their guides and teachers being the nuns with the visiting priests.

The leaders in this movement are proceeding carefully, because of the very sensitive opinion in France regarding the liberties and privileges of young ladies. To talk about colleges or seminaries for girls is to endeavor to construct on a soil that for fifteen centuries has been encumbered by the convents and monasteries. France still lives in a society thoroughly imbued with the doctrines of the fathers of the Church, which have always been antagonistic to the progress of women. Their doctrine has always been that man and woman are not equal and can never become so. And it is not reasonable to expect much inclination in favor of social modifications in a society continually renewed by a Catholic cement of which the clergy is the spiritual initiation. The promoters of this new movement, therefore, find themselves opposed by all the licensed educators of girls, and consequently find it fitting not to shock the common prejudices by asking very much at the start. For the moment it is, therefore, simply proposed to aim at decreasing the distance that separates man and woman in the marriage bond. On account of her ignorance the wife seldom takes an interest in the labors of her husband, and is incapable of sharing with him any other sentiments than those of simple affection. But if their education be rendered more equal, the union will become equal between them, and there will be less room for the subtle influences of the professional directors of their consciences.

In this point of view they see in the proposition of the liberal deputy the germ of an evolution which will, when complete, afford the solution of the government problem. Michelet says, in his work on "Woman,"

"The girls of France are brought up to hate and despise that which every Frenchman loves and believes. Two separate times the women of France have accepted and then rejected and killed the revolution; the first time in the sixteenth century, when the struggle was for the liberty of conscience, and then finally in the eighteenth century for political liberty. They have clung to the past without knowing any too well what that past was. They too willingly listen to those who say with Pascal, 'Nothing is sure, therefore let us believe the absurd.'"

Now this picture is sketched in colors a little too dark, perhaps, especially as to the women of to-day, but the outlines of it are certainly taken from the facts themselves. The present education of women is certainly such as to bind them to the past, and the project of Mr. See is to gain them for the present, and above all for the future. It is in this spirit that he has drawn up his new programme of instruction, which is very good for a start.

He could construct establishments of a higher order for girls as they are provided every-where for boys; but this system has raised much opposition from those who are opposed to all internal instruction, even in the hands of the state, because a woman would find in these a very poor preparation for family life in this semi-convent style of education. It is maintained that women would become precocious in their attainments, naïve in their egotism, and uncultured in their manners, and the French would gain an education for their girls at the expense of their bearing and more solidity of mind at the expense of grace. The convents profess to teach all the graces and accomplishments, mellowed and subdued by religious training. But the greatest objection now made to separate establishments is the enormous expense to be incurred in supplying them immediately for the entire land. The outlay of so many millions in the beginning of the enterprise, would be an almost insuperable barrier, and to wait would be to sacrifice precious years.

The friends of the proposition contend

that a country that has its millions and milliards for all sorts of public improvements can hardly refuse a few of them for the noble cause of moral enfranchisement of the feminine portion of the population. But it is hardly probable that the friends of the measure can carry it in the face of the heavy expense that would be entailed on all the departments of the country, and with so many adversaries, theoretical and practical.

It would be a very gratifying thing to many if the higher education of girls could be irrevocably established by founding in all the cities of France noble structures on whose fronts could be inscribed "College for Girls." The possession of the feminine mind and intelligence by the secular spirit would then seem well established; but this is a satisfaction that it will certainly be necessary to defer for a time, and in the mean while France must be satisfied with what it calls "external education" for its young women. The advantage of the adoption of a system of instruction in which the girls may remain in their homes and merely visit the school building during the hours of recitation, is found in the fact that to this purpose may be used edifices already built.

The Gordian knot of trouble has been cut by the wise suggestion that the male colleges might be opened at certain hours and on certain conditions of control for the girls of France. It would be no great inconvenience to let these sit for a few hours during a course of lessons in history, geography, or mathematics on the same benches where sit at other hours their masculine rivals, receiving the same teaching. And to those who rise their hands with holy horror at the thought of the girls frequenting the same schools as the boys, is sent back the cutting reply that the sternest moral sense of Paris finds no incongruity in having all the public baths of the capital open for both sexes at alternating hours or periods of the day. Is the health of the mind so much more delicate a matter than that of the body? This settlement of the question will have the great advantage of putting into im-

mediate operation a course of instruction at its most critical period. After it has been successfully begun and the advantages are obvious, the material difficulties will doubtless soon disappear. Where there is a will there is a way.

With this programme of operation well settled, the friends of this measure propose to make a vigorous effort at the doors of the legislative body for recognition and a hearing. And this will doubtless call forth a world of clamor from the convents and other clerical establishments of France for the education of young girls from the age of fourteen to twenty. But the liberals of the land are becoming accustomed to these wailings of clergy—the bonds have been galling them so long that they are determined to throw them off.

The priests of France are ever interfering between the parents of the land and their children, and in thousands of instances separate man and wife in the conflict; for the women of France are sadly under the control of the Jesuitical priests and teachers.

If a Frenchman, who no longer wishes his children educated in the Catholic creed, makes the request that they be not required to learn it, he is told to withdraw them from the institution. This would deprive them of an education, and the father yields by sheer necessity rather than let his dear ones grow up in ignorance. If a man would take a wife in civil marriage to avoid the annoyance of the requirements of the clergy, he finds most probably that the woman fears to brave the innuendoes that are cast at her by her Catholic friends. And few women can become resigned to live cut off from their usual and natural companions and friends as a leper. And the men that can live without religious bonds for themselves scarcely dare refuse them to a wife or daughter, for they feel that these are the cement of the family union.

Therefore, there is now a strenuous effort being made on the part of certain intelligent liberal leaders to get the women and girls out of the hands of the priests, and the most prominent actor among these is the now quite famous Bouchard. He is an agricul-

turist by profession, and was once the mayor of his own town of Beaune, and as a side profession in the law he has been counselor general for his department. Many years ago he broke away from his Catholic antecedents and became a liberal and a free-thinker. But as years and reflection came, his mind has been turned toward the Protestant creed, and he has—since been very active in his endeavors to induce the free-thinkers to embrace the Protestant faith rather than to live in a state of ungodliness.

In his activity in this line he addressed a pamphlet to the citizens of his little town in order to stir up the men to this work and at a later period he directed another, entitled "Voluntary Servitude," to the famous three hundred and sixty-three deputies, who were virtually sent home by MacMahon when he disbanded the legislative body and ordered new elections.

His latest efforts are in the line of the woman question, or at least that phase of it which regards their servitude to the priests. He appeals to the "women of France" for God and their country in a letter on the title-page of which he places the following apt quotation from the well-known French Protestant Count Gasparin: "Let us not forget that we must ascend very high in order to obtain true happiness. We are always seeking it too low. The anchor of the soul clings only to the shore of eternity."

He reminds them that he has endeavored to show their fathers and husbands and brothers and sons, that they can not live without a faith, and that when they reject all idea of God they are committing an unpardonable error towards themselves. Then turning to the women, he endeavors to show them the cause of this error which is to them the origin of so much suffering and grief, and would point them to the means of stopping its source. He is an old man—has been the head of a family for forty-five years, and the love he bears his children and grandchildren has caused him to study closely the lessons offered to him in a long and extended intercourse with the world—and claims that this gives him a right to speak and be heard.

This celebrated letter is so direct and touching that our purpose will be best attained by giving the substance of most of it with an occasional condensation. Nearly two hundred thousand copies of it have been circulated in France, and it has proved a thorn in the flesh of the priests of the Romish Church, as it has verily penetrated the joints of their armor. After assuring his special auditors that his intention is not to afflict them, but to give them hope and to show them a better way to train their children, and especially their daughters, for their destiny and to secure to them less mournful days, he proceeds with the most cutting accusations that the clergy of France have ever been called upon to face in regard to their control of the women of the land:

"Concerning the indissoluble bond of marriage, Jesus said, 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh. Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Cherish these wise words, and now let us see what ordinarily takes place in life between husband and wife when both are inscribed on the rolls of the Catholic faith, the woman practicing it, and the man not.

"You have just been married at the mayoralty and are now going from there to the church. (Civil marriage is obligatory in France, Church marriage optional.) While you as a young girl are devout, while your soul is penetrated with sacred emotions and you are praying with ardor, your betrothed, on the contrary, feels a secret uneasiness. But he is there, kneeling at your side, you have just taken your mutual vows, his heart is absorbed in you, your heart in him. Why then this uneasiness?

"Because, though he may not know it, he feels that this priest, whom your religion has placed over you as spiritual director, and to whom you have intrusted your most secret thoughts, will remain thus intrusted with your confidence, and that he, the husband, will always find him between himself and you. How much bitterness already in this prospect? and how much the devotional

and religious feeling must even there suffer by it! Thus, the very day of your marriage, the most solemn of your life, after that of birth and death, this day when there ought to be established between man and wife the firmest and most indissoluble union, which alone constitutes its grandeur, this very day appear the germs of the gravest disagreement.

"From the very beginning, then, in a religious sense, you are to live apart from each other, no communication, no exchange of thoughts between you regarding that which is of the utmost importance to you, all that which elevates, strengthens, and consoles the soul. To-day you are alone in presence of yourself—alone to-morrow in presence of the cradle of your babe—alone every evening when, fatigued with the cares of the day, your thought arises to heaven. You are also alone with your priest, because your religion tells you that he is the required intercessor between you and God, that he is the only interpreter of his Word, and that it belongs to no other to expound it to you—alone even in your readings, where will again be found the influence of the priest.

"Suppose you take an interest in the affairs of the hour,—in politics, science, literature, and the arts; the journals of your husband, his reviews, his books will not be ever yours. Alone, always alone!—consequently there is nothing that unites you in the elevated regions of the ideal and in those of the mind. And were it not that the voice of your heart is ever making its demands, and perhaps, indeed, the protestations of your conscience, you would scarcely have the bond of material interests to bind you together, since the absence of concord in things of a higher order must be followed with a divided interest in the lower ones. And in these conditions you are to fulfill the most important and grandest of duties—that of bringing up your children!

"It is true you have maintained the favor of your priest and his support, but how much does this aid you in presence of your children, especially your sons, when their turn comes to rebel against this dangerous intervention in the bosom of the family?

They ignore your authority, and they even oppose that of their father already weakened by you. They thus escape from both of you at the moment when they have the greatest need of your care in order to guarantee them against the enticements of youth. And if, by chance, they have returned to you, it was when the evil which they had committed on themselves was irreparable.

"And what became of their religious feelings in the midst of this confusion and disorder? What became of the love that your children owe you, or the sacred bonds of marriage? There was nothing left but a weakening of religious feeling, a cooling of filial love, husband and wife strangers to one another, scarcely a common roof, and how many times separation and ruin! And all that, O woman, for having been alienated from the divine law in two of its most essential commandments—no intermediary between God and man, and none between your husband and yourself.

"And what has been the effect of the confessional? By removing the bitterness of repentance, it deprives the conscience of its most active and precious stimulant. In yielding up the conscience to the priest it is deprived of that living force which can only proceed from a direct and constant communication with God. Without doubt it is pleasant and easy to feel one's self absolved towards God by means of the absolution received at the confessional; but is there any certainty that God absolves us? The priest may pronounce absolution on an unworthy head; in this case it will have no effect.

"'God and the Gospel,' this is the law, and the whole law. Protestantism makes the family, and the family makes the nations. Catholicism divides husband and wife; Protestantism unites them. Become, then, Protestants in order to become true Christians. Return to this religion of true grandeur, liberated from all superstition, and free from all narrowness that obscures God and does him violence. Replace the weak and sterile offices which instead of enriching the heart impoverish and dry it up; replace these by the grand and broad service of righteousness taught in the Gospel.

"Then you women will have saved the country by rescuing it from the machinations of its most mortal enemies, the Jesuits of Rome. You will have reconciled it, elevated it, and brought it back to God. And from the low grounds where it now wallows and languishes, the human soul will resume its flight towards the luminous summits of Eternity. . . ."

Now it will be observed that in all that Bouchard advances in this magnificent appeal to the women of his country he alludes only to those who are Catholic in faith as well as name—the woman practicing this faith and the man not. He has not raised the question as to the women who in various degrees have broken away from the priests and yielded to the influence of their husbands. Many of these whose belief has become more or less doubtful are scarcely Catholics, but in appearance; they yield to

the observances that they may not excite remark, or in order to conform to custom and accepted usage. But with their religious feelings thus weakened, and their principles lacking a base of support, they are exposed to a multitude of perils, and are in sad doubt as to the mode in which they shall educate their children. They have rejected the tyranny and bigotry of Catholicism and are now out at sea. Whither shall they flee for a port of refuge? In answer to this question, this same champion of their rights entreats them to study the principles of the Protestant faith, and find refuge in that communion; so that the much-abused "Woman Question" bids fair in its development in France to lead not only to the enfranchisement of woman from the burdens of ancient social shackles, but to bring to her religious liberty in bestowing on her the religion of liberty and modern times.

AMONG THE BUTTON MAKERS.

FEW industries have grown from such small beginnings to more important and extensive forms of manufacturing and trade in this country, and in so short a time as that of button-making. And with the beginning and early progress of this industry is intimately associated the name and fame of Rev. Samuel Williston. He was born on the twentieth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill (1795), in Easthampton, Massachusetts. After a serious experience in the labor of getting an education with very limited means, and still later a period of faithful work in the ministry, followed by a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty and all its rapidly accumulating ills, and with a further grievous affliction in the partial loss of his sight, he is found in the Summer of manhood at Easthampton farming, teaching, and preaching alternately, prospering in a small way, but burdened with a heavy debt he knew not how to pay. The relief so greatly needed came at last through Mrs. Williston's tact and industry. Remember-

ing that her mother used to make covered buttons for her own family and occasionally sold limited quantities to her neighbors, she seized upon the idea of doing the same thing upon a larger scale, and, after a few experiments, succeeded in offering a package of her own hand-made work as a contribution to the cause of missions. President Humphrey, of Amherst College, became the purchaser; but neither party to the transaction had any notion of all that was to grow out of that transaction.

A second package was sent to Arthur Tappan, of New York, who immediately contracted for twenty-five gross at two dollars a gross. Never in all their subsequent wealth did the Willistons feel so rich as when they received that order. The first lot of buttons Mrs. Williston had made with her own hands; but now she employed the help of some of her neighbors to help her in her own house. After a short time her business so increased that she gave out buttons to be made in the neighboring families.

Two years later, in 1827, Mr. Williston went to New York and obtained several other customers, and returned fully prepared to extend the business and enter upon the life of a manufacturer. He made trips for the same purpose to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, and established agencies in nearly all the large cities. In a short time the business assumed such proportions that he had a thousand families at work making buttons. About ten years after the establishment of this great industry Mr. Williston discovered, in one of his visits to New York; some buttons of English manufacture, made without thread, needle, or fingers, but apparently by machinery. These buttons he submitted to Joel and Josiah Hayden, two very ingenious mechanics in Williamsburg, and offered to furnish capital, sell the goods, and divide the profits if they would discover the process, make the machinery, and produce the finished stock.

With true Yankee zeal and enterprise, they entered upon the work; but a whole year was passed before they could make a button. In the midst of their experiments a colored man, who had been an employé in an English factory, gave them the benefit of his knowledge; he understood the process, and could explain the machinery. The work soon reached successful completion, and was the beginning of Haydenville.

In 1839 Mr. Williston transferred the business to his native town, Easthampton, by which time the manufacture of buttons had grown to be an extensive business. Factory upon factory was erected, houses multiplied, and blocks of buildings extended until Easthampton had become a large and prosperous town. In 1841, Mr. Williston, finding his wealth increasing, established Williston Seminary; and four years later he founded the Williston professorship of oratory in Amherst College; in 1847 founded the Greek professorship in the same college, also one-half of the Hitchcock professorship; his gifts amounting in all to fifty thousand dollars. Later he enlarged the seminary buildings, increased the funds, and extended his charities in religious projects and educa-

tional schemes in a manner corresponding to his wealth and the progress of his business.

From that small but most necessary of all articles, a button, grew Easthampton's enormous wealth, extensive manufactories, liberal donations, and an honorable and enduring name. Mr. Williston died July 18, 1874, but the business that he erected is still carried on by the firm of Williston, Knight & Company—with Mr. Horatio Knight, who has been its chief manager.

A mill erected at Leeds—a village near Easthampton—a few years since embraces the ivory button manufacture, and the Easthampton and Leeds mill jointly give employment to five hundred operatives, and the combined production annually of cloth and ivory buttons is about one hundred and seventy millions of buttons. The ivory buttons made at the Leeds mill are from the vegetable ivory, and the production averages fifteen hundred gross daily.

The Williston Company consume annually seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of stock, and produce one hundred and seventy-five thousand to two hundred thousand dollars' worth of buttons. The capacity of the Williston Button Works at Easthampton is three thousand gross per day, that of the Leeds Mill in ivory stock one thousand five hundred gross per day.

The mills of this firm organized under the laws of Massachusetts are said to be the largest and best of their kind in the world. The most skilled workmen are employed, and to the inventions of their own artisans they have added very largely the labor-saving inventions of others.

Earlier than the first manufacture of cloth buttons in the United States, gilt buttons had been made in various parts of the country. In 1802 a firm known in those early days as that of Abel Porter & Company, in Waterbury, Connecticut, was engaged in this manufacture. That initial enterprise was the beginning of the brass and copper business, which is still so extensively carried on in that city. In 1810 Mr. Aaron Benedict, son-in-law and successor of Abel Porter, began also the manufacture of bone and ivory buttons.

In 1823 the manufacture of sheet brass as a supply for gilt button stock was commenced. Under the firm name of the Waterbury Button Company, the industry was re-organized in 1849, and has gradually grown in magnitude and importance till it has become one of the largest manufacturing enterprises in the United States. During the late war the company furnished large quantities of stock for the army and navy. They afford employment to over two hundred operators, and turn out a daily average production of from one thousand to one thousand four hundred gross of gilt buttons. Their machinery is of the latest and most approved patterns, and many of their most ingenious mechanical inventions originated in their own establishment. The most expert die-sinker in America is employed there; and dies for the coats-of-arms of every State and Territory in the Union are kept there, and orders in their own class of work are filled with great rapidity.

The materials chiefly used in this manufacture are cloth, shell, ivory, horn, bone, glass, rubber, various metals, pearl composition, coquilla, agate, celluloid, and lastly, and most curious of all, marble from Saxony, and blood, coagulated and hardened, known as "Vulcanide."

The mechanical operations in all classes of the work are performed by dies, stamp-presses, punches, lathes, drilling apparatus. Many improvements adding to rapidity of production, labor-saving and ingenious, are being made almost weekly, the inventors being those practically connected with the mechanical labor in different factories, the knowledge of which is generally confined with the firm it benefits.

Buttons without shanks are of two kinds, the first being discs of horn, bone, wood, or other material, having holes drilled through the center. Horn buttons of this class are made from cattle's hoofs, generally by heating them in molds. They are dyed black by being submerged in vats of logwood and copperas. In casting buttons impressions of the patterns are taken in sand, the shank being inserted in the center of each impression projecting a little above the

surface of the sand, the molten metal is then poured over the mold and afterward trimmed and polished.

Glass buttons are formed of compressed glass while in a fluid state run into molds, in which the shank is inserted, and when the glass solidifies is held firmly in place. In inserting the shanks of mother-of-pearl buttons a hole is drilled in the back, and it is driven in by a steady stroke. The silk button superseded the gilt, and the Florentine manufacture was not only very interesting but very complicated (quite too much so for a popular description), and the silk button so-called nearly drove the gilt out of the trade.

For the manufacture of pearl buttons the principal sources of supply of material are the Indian Archipelago, Pacific waters off the coast of Mexico and some of the South Pacific islands, and the Australian waters. The mother-of-pearl taken from the shells of oysters and the mollusks is found chiefly in the waters of the Indian and Pacific oceans. The Azores furnish the pure pearl in large quantities. These isles are abrupt formation of limestone where the precious shells are found in unlimited quantities, being known in the trade as the tripang and the holothurian varieties. Mother-of-pearl or nacre, is the silver lining of the Indian Ocean oyster shell. The genus of shell-fish *littoridinæ* furnishes the finest mother-of-pearl, as it does the best pearls, and is found on the coast of Ceylon near Ormus in the Persian Gulf. The finest variety of pearl shells are known in the trade as flat shells and ear shells, while the "gem shells" are called the "Bombay."

The Mamilla shell has a fine yellow edge. The Haliote's, which is found in Pacific waters, is a beautiful dark-green pearl, while those from Bombay and Valparaiso are all varieties with dark edges. One of the oldest shell importers now living in New York says that where he expended one hundred dollars a few years since in the importation of fine shells, he now expends eight and ten thousand dollars annually for the pearl button manufacturers, and that within ten years the demand for this class of material has increased very largely.

The most extensive manufactories of these buttons in the United States are located in Philadelphia and Newark, New Jersey. To and from the islands of Madagascar and New Guinea go and come the shell-gatherers, their great ships loaded with rough incrustations which, after passing through the hands of skilled artisans, are to reflect all the colors of the rainbow and the delicate tints of the clouds.

The late fashionable demand for "smoked pearl" has given a new interest to the pearl button work. The quantity of pure smoked pearl from the genuine dark-eared shell available is less than one-third the supply, and the demand is so great that the price has advanced above the fine white pearl. To meet this "smoky" demand a California shell known as the Abalone came into market, and is now the principal supply for darkly tinted stock. In the production of smoked pearl buttons the Abalone and conch shell are most used—in white shells, smoked by special process, the Manilla and Macassar are used. The rarest natural dark pearl shells are found off the coasts of Madagascar. These are very rare, the shell is thick and heavy, its concave interior pure white until within an inch of the outer edge; then it becomes almost black, shaded toward the white center to a light smoke tint. The Burgos button, a new pearl variety from the conch shells, is capable of a very elegant finish.

Only one pearl button manufacturer, A. B. De Freece, received a medal at the Centennial Exposition; but at the last Paris exhibition there was an exhibit of a superior hand-made and hand-carved stock of pearl goods, which attracted so much admiration for exquisite skill, Mr. De Freece conceived the idea of bringing to this country French artisans, the most expert in the world, to combine the production of this class of work with his already established industry. This was successfully executed, and it reflects credit upon the taste of American patronage as well as upon the enterprise itself. A cheap substitute for pearl buttons made by compressing clay into molds was attempted a short time since, and with it the experi-

ment of superseding the horn button by a mixture of vegetable fiber and resinous matter.

One of the greatest novelties in pearl buttons is the inlaid stock—pearl inlaid in horn, jet, wood, and other materials in all devices and designs, some of them of great artistic beauty. The process is simple, being a part of the stamp-press work employed in all metal or composition works. In 1878 a new material was introduced into the country from Saxony, being a peculiar variety of marble, gray and brown, or umber and steel, four shades of each, and all susceptible of a high polish. The colors harmonize with some of the new shades and dyes in dress goods, which adds a greater value to the button.

The most interesting progress of the button-making industry is seen in the sleeve button branch. The elegant work in pearl, ivory, shell, agate, bloodstone, and other materials successfully rivals all foreign importation. In August, 1879, the non-separable sleeve button was patented and the patent purchased by R. M. Tripp & Company of New York. Then followed a unique separable patent that excels all others. The demand for this novelty exceeds all others made by the firm. The stock of pearl, sardonyx, and moss agate sleeve buttons manufactured by that firm is equal to the best of foreign workmanship, and the new patents place the American industry in this specialty far ahead of its European competitors.

The rubber button manufacture in the United States is represented by the Novelty Rubber Company of New York, whose factory is located in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The rubber button is not classed among inventions, but is only an application of new material to button manufacture. The daily production is about one thousand gross, and four hundred and fifty operatives are employed, two-thirds of whom are females. The styles produced are unlimited. This company was the first to commence the business and it is the only considerable one engaged in it in the United States. The only serious rival to the rubber button is the latest invention, called the "blood

button." The value of the discovery is equal to its novelty. The "blood" button is the utilization of animal blood, the process of which is entirely a Chicago industry. In 1875 a gentleman by the name of Grenaille discovered that animal blood was capable of being greatly solidified. He accordingly spent a great deal of time and money in making experiments, and by patient labor finally brought his ideas to such practical shape as to utilize blood in the light manufactures, the principal one being buttons. Mr. Grenaille had not sufficient means to invest in the manufacturing interests of his invention, and it fell into the hands of W. S. Palmer, Jersey City, who is the sole owner of the patent, and the only manufacturer of blood buttons in the world.

A few hours in this factory gave the general information desired concerning this new enterprise. The material is pure animal blood, prepared by a dyeing process, and the source of supply is Chicago's great cattle-yards. When dried, it is cut, stamped, and drilled at the factory in Jersey City by similar methods used in other materials, save that it is subjected to compound lever pressure. The buttons are all drilled buttons, or buttons without shanks, finished with a high polish and every way a very handsome production. When finished it is black in color, light as paper, and smooth as ivory. Buttons can be made of this material very much cheaper than the rubber, and are well adapted to both men's and women's wear. It is capable of being produced in colors, but so far it has been made only in black.

In 1871 the Lock-Shank button company was organized in Brooklyn. The principal feature of interest attached to this part of the industry is the labor-saving result acquired in setting on buttons; it supplants that aggravating annoyance of "sewing on buttons," a bit of domestic experience that has tried the patience of many a good mother.

The shoe button shank is one of the most important in the list of manufactured buttons. The largest factory is in Massachusetts. The largest and most recently established cloth button factory in New York is

the Manhattan Company's Works, on Canal Street. Organized in July, 1879, they are already producing two thousand gross daily in five hundred different styles. One of the novel features of their work is a combination of three fabrics in one button; namely, silk, velvet, and worsted, which throws upon the fashionable market some of the most elegant goods worn. All of this work is performed by machinery, and the great factory employs one hundred and thirty operatives. The vegetable ivory button is made a specialty in several cities and factories; it is also manufactured by firms which produce other varieties. The main sources of supply of material are Brazil and other South American states, the ivory being a nut growing on a species of palm tree. Imitations are made of mother-of-pearl, of tortoise shell, and lapis lazuli, by several chemical processes invented in Paris and East Austria. The fine silver belly-scales of the white fish are used in the imitation process, which, as a chemical industry, is quite as wonderful as the most intricate work of manufactured articles of pure material.

This American industry of button making, that less than a century ago was not in existence, now covers a manufacturing interest valued at three million dollars in annual production. In Connecticut there are twenty-nine large factories. In Massachusetts twenty-one, in Philadelphia the largest pearl factory in the world, in New York and New Jersey over forty factories, are constantly running. One of the most important features of this whole business is the development and utilizing of hitherto worthless materials in the industry, so giving to it a domestic supply of the raw materials. The importations are confined to two or three classes of materials, while all the remaining portions are supplied from our own resources. Companion to this is a noteworthy record of the remarkable development of inventive genius and skill that has perfected the rapid growth of the industry that is truly wonderful, but in keeping with the spirit and effort of the age. And just here the question arises, which nobody can answer, what becomes of all these buttons?

OLD ENGLISH TRAVELERS IN RUSSIA.

THE collections of worthy Hakluyt are a perfect treasury of information of voyages, travels, and adventures. A society bearing his name and inspired by his example, the Hakluyt Society, from time to time publishes similar collections, enriched with valuable annotation. Mr. Bond, the newly appointed keeper of printed books in the British Museum, has edited a narrative of one of the early travelers in Russia. There are several of those travelers whose narratives are replete with interest. We propose to bring together some interesting notes from writings contained both in Hakluyt's collection and those published by the Hakluyt Society. In these old writings we find some interesting touches of personal adventures, some curious and little known passages of English history, and we shall all the better be able to understand the ways of the Russian people at the present time if we know their antecedents.

It is about the middle of the sixteenth century that we hear of the great Muscovite Company, and of the doings of their captains and mariners. We may combine some of the more scattered notices before we proceed to the regular narratives. One worthy captain goes so far north as Lappia. "There came aboard us certain Lappians in a boat to the number of sixteen persons, and amongst them there were two wenches, and some of them could speak the Russe tongue. They told me they had been to seek meate among the rocks, saying: 'If we get no meate we eat none.' I saw them eat rock weeds as eagerly as a cow doeth grass when she is hungry. I saw them eat fowls' eggs raw, and the young birds also that were in the eggs." We think it best to modernize the spelling, although the Vandyke looks best in its ancient frame. Then one Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, sent on an embassy to the czar, himself gives an account of his reception and entertainment by that potentate: "The emperor sent me divers bowls of wine and mead, and many dishes from

his own hand, which were brought me by a duke, and my table served all in gold and silver. When dinner was ended, the emperor called me by name, and gave me drink with his own hand, and so I departed to my lodging. The emperor never putteth morsel of meat in his mouth but he first bleaseth it himself, and in like manner as often as he drinketh, for after his manner he is very religious."

Some of his accounts of the old customs of the Russians are very amusing, and are corroborated by other travelers. Their curious religious customs have never greatly varied. At the present day nearly every Russian family has its Ikon, which is a picture, with something of an image interwoven with it. For instance, there is the picture of a saint in a household often enough at the present day, with a metallic aureole affixed to it. Our old traveler asserts that the common Russians took their images for gods. Even then their priests were married; but when the wife died the priest was not permitted to marry again. The account of their baptisms is very quaint. There is a table put into the middle of the church, "and on it an earthen pot, full of warm water, about the which the godfathers and godmothers settle themselves; then the clerk giveth unto every one of them a small wax candle burning; then cometh the priest, and beginneth to say certain words, which the godfathers and godmothers must answer word for word, among the which is that the child shall forsake the devil, and as that word is pronounced they must all spit at the word as often as it is repeated."

Their marriage customs are highly curious. "When there is love between the parties, the man sendeth unto the woman a small chest, wherein is a whip, needles, thread, silk, linen cloths; thereby giving her to understand that, if she does offend, she must be beaten by the whip; by the needles, thread, cloth, that she should apply herself diligently to sew," etc. After the

wedding "they begin to drink, and first the woman drinketh to the man, and, when he hath drunk, he letteth the cup fall to the ground, hastening immediately to tread upon it, and so doth she; and whether of them tread first upon it must have the victory, and must be master at all times after." He reports that the women sew well and embroider excellently. The husband is bound to find his wife in cosmetics, of which the wives make inordinate use "without any shame. I can not so well liken them as to a miller's wife, for they look as though they were beaten about the face with a bag of meal, but their eyebrows they color as black as jet." "The Russians do not have the credit of treating their wives in the best way. They consider that it is within their rights to administer personal castigation, and if the castigation is not administered, the wives consider that they have lost their hold upon the affections of the husband. For some days after the marriage the bride must not be heard to speak, save certain few words at the table, in a set form, with great manners and reverence to the bridegroom." If she behave herself otherwise it is a great prejudice to her credit and life ever afterwards, and will be highly disliked of the bridegroom himself, who will probably administer personal correction.

Hakluyt gives an account of six expeditions which were sent from England to Russia. In the days of Ivan the Terrible, whose frightful atrocities suggest the charitable idea that he must have been mad, and of Queen Elizabeth, there was a great tendency to draw close bonds between England and Russia. England wanted the monopoly of the Russian trade, and Russia wanted the alliance of a great maritime power. The Hakluyt Society takes up the narratives where Hakluyt leaves off, supplementing their information, and has disinterred various state papers and curious biographies. One Horsey was a clerk in the service of the Russian company in Russia, and Ivan employed him as an agent to proceed to England. He wanted to marry an English lady; and he even aspired to the great Elizabeth herself. It was resolved that the lady

Mary Hastings, the queen's own niece, might probably prove a suitable match for the czar. It was quite true that the czar labored under the trifling disadvantage of being married already; but he hastened to explain that his wife was not of royal birth, and he was entirely prepared to repudiate her. Lady Mary got the nickname among her friends of Empress of Muscovie. On the whole, however, she was not satisfied with "the tricks and manners" of her imperial admirer. She persuaded Queen Elizabeth to allow her to decline the dangerous honor. Ivan got into a terrible passion because Queen Elizabeth did not meet his wishes. He entirely lost any good manners which he might have been supposed to possess, and told the ambassador "that he did not reckon the queen of England to be his fellow, for there are that are her betters." The ambassador manfully answered that "the queen, his mistress, was as great a prince as ever was in Christendom, equal to him that thought himself the greatest, well able to defend herself against his malice whosoever."

Besides the narrative of Horsey we have a narrative by one Giles Fletcher. He bears a name illustrious in English literature, being the father of Phineas Fletcher, the author of "The Purple Island;" and his brother, bishop of London, was the father of John Fletcher, the illustrious dramatist. He acted as ambassador between the times of Horsey's employments, and in several ways they are found together. He published a narrative or book about Russia, which the Russian company caused to be suppressed on account of its plain speaking. It is this book which the Hakluyt Society has resuscitated. Fletcher thought himself well out of a lion's den when he got back to London; "for the poets can not fancy Ulysses more glad to be come out of the den of Polyphemus than he was to be rid out of the power of such a barbarous prince." Old Fuller perpetrates the curious bull of saying that, if the czar had cut Fletcher's head off, Fletcher would in vain have sought for any redress. It is very difficult to see how he could have sought for any redress at all if

his head had been taken off. Giles Fletcher loved Russia in the Summer. "You shall see such a new hue and face of a country, the woods—for the most part which are all of fir and birch—so fresh and so sweet; the pastures and meadows so green and well-grown—and that upon the sudden; such variety of flowers, such noise of birds—specially of nightingales, that seem to be more loud and of a more variable note than in other countries, that a man shall not lightly travel in a more pleasant countrie."

But however pleased he may be with the country, he gives a frightful account of misgovernment and cruelty. The law of debtor and creditor was as bad as the old Roman law, which allowed the debtor to be cut up bodily by his creditors. If the alleged debt were only for a sixpence the debtor was chained leg, arms, and neck; if the case were given against the debtor he was daily cudgelled about the shins and calves by an officer till the money was paid. "You shall see forty or fifty stand together all on a row, and their shins thus becudgelled and bebasted every morning with a piteous cry." If the debt is not paid after a year's cudgeling, he, his wife, and his children, and all that he has are sold. Death, with shocking varieties of suffering, was inflicted for all sorts of criminal offenses; by the knout, by torture, by roasting, hanging, beheading. "But, for the most part, the prisoners that are condemned in Summer are kept for the Winter, to be knocked on the head and put under the ice." This was the case only with the poor serf. If a lord killed his servant "little or nothing is said unto him, at the most only a small fine." With regard to other crimes, "if a murder or theft be committed, peradventure he shall be imprisoned at the emperor's pleasure." He gives a wretched report of the life of the people: "They make no account of the life of a man. You shall have a man robbed sometimes in the very streets of their towns, if he go late in the evening, and yet no man to come forth out of his doors to rescue him, though he hear him cry out."

Fletcher gives a curious account of the

emperor's way of celebrating holy days. His favorite amusement was to watch a bear-hunt, that is, a fight between bears and bear-hunters. "But many times these hunters come short, and are either slain or miserably torn with the teeth and talents [that is, talons] of the fierce beast. If the party quit himself well in this fight with the bear, he is carried to drink at the emperor's cellar-door, where he drinketh himself drunk for the honor of Hospodar. And this is his reward for adventuring his life for the emperor's pleasure. When it draweth towards bed-time, his priest sayeth certain prayers; and then the emperor blesseth and crosseth himself as in the morning, and so goeth to his bed." Fletcher at first found himself treated cavalierly, but after the defeat of the Spanish Armada he experienced great politeness.

Sir Jerome Horsey appears to have possessed a great deal of versatility of character. Passing through Poland, he appeared at court in the disguise of one of his own servants, and when he was detected every body took it pleasantly. Horsey describes the last days of that terrible old tyrant, the Emperor Ivan. He sent for sixty witches out of the north countries, where there was great store. The dying man pointed out his jewels to the courtiers, and told them of the hidden virtues of his jewels, diamond, jasper, and sapphire. Horsey speaks of his reign as the "smothering time of tyranny." He gives an account of the splendid cheer which was afforded him in one of his embassies. They sent him for his provision, "twenty live sheep, twenty live oxen and bullocks, six hundred hens, forty fitches of bacon, two milch kine, two goats, ten fresh salmon, forty gallons of aqua-porter (beer), one hundred gallons of mead, two hundred gallons of beer, a thousand loaves of white bread, threescore bushels of meal, two thousand eggs, and a store of garlic and onions." Notwithstanding the richness of his entertainment, Horsey was glad, to get away from his embassy, and, moreover, he was "betrothed to an honest gentleman's daughter of Buckinghamshire."

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

THE magnitude to which our American Methodism has attained is causing its greatest embarrassment. At the beginning it assumed a form and shaped for itself conditions suited to its then existing circumstances and wants. But after a growth of unexampled rapidity, extending over more than a hundred years,—and after a career of more than seventy years since the latest readjustment of its organic affairs,—which regulations were at first well adapted, and thoroughly effective, to the infant Church, these things have become unadapted by the changed conditions of things to the requirements of the case. This is especially the case with our annual conferences. These bodies, which were then few and feeble and composed largely of young men fresh from the farm or shop, are now of a very different complexion, and would not suffer by comparison with the most honored clerical assemblies of Christendom. For such bodies a different mode of treatment is needed from that which at first sufficed.

It is admitted on all sides that the present status of the annual conference is anomalous and unsettled, and that certain changes are necessary in order to adapt it to changes already adopted by the Church and to present needs and conditions. The last General Conference took some action looking toward the introduction of laymen into these local conferences, and the prospect is that within a few years this reform, if it be a reform, will have been accomplished in the Church. Reform is not revolution. Genuine reform roots itself in the past, and is the adaptation of existing institutions to changed conditions and fresh convictions of a living people. A fruit tree can be improved by culture and grafting. It can not be improved by plucking it up by the roots. And the grafts should be made on the smaller branches, and not on the main trunk.

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The spirit and theology of Methodism are persistent, for which we may devoutly thank God; but its methods of government and administration have frequently been changed. Another change is demanded to-day, namely, the exaltation of the annual conference by increasing its powers and functions. Our Church is too vast, the needs of far separated conferences are too diverse, to be wisely cared for by a single legislative body. We need more local self-government, whereby local interests can be better cared for than they are at present. We need to bring every preacher into direct relation with and responsibility for the law making of the Church. And this can be done without impairing in any degree the connectional unity of the Church.

Dr. Sherman, in his Introduction to his History of the Discipline, writes: "At first a centralized, and, to some extent, a conservative system, the policy of the Church has yielded to the influence of a genial and free atmosphere, to the gentle yet plastic touch of our civil institutions, until the genius of the Church has become assimilated to that of the state." Surely the doctor has put the case a little stronger than the facts warrant. To a certain extent this assimilation has been accomplished, but contrast is suggested rather than comparison when we put our Church and the state together.

If there is one feature of our civil government more fundamental than any other, it is that of local self-government. Our Republic is a synthesis. A few weeks ago we had town meetings in this Commonwealth of Connecticut, and every town had its part in regulating its own affairs. Every town in New England is an empire,—*imperium in imperio*. We need not be told by De Toqueville that this pre-eminent American feature of our government is the source and bulwark of our liberties. But in this matter of local self-government the

Methodist Episcopal Church is certainly not yet fully assimilated to the genius of our civil institutions. Centralization, tremendous power at the center, is the most obvious feature of the government of our Church. And by the center we mean the episcopacy and the General Conference.

The difference between the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church and that of the United States has often been pointed out. The powers of Congress are specific and carefully defined by statutes. All other powers are retained by the States. The powers of the General Conference are conveyed by an omnibus clause,—“full powers to make rules and regulations for our Church,” barring a few restrictions—themselves not guaranteed against constant encroachments.

The strength of our Church is in her traveling ministry. Our itinerant system gives to the preachers a power towards the Churches which the pastors of other Churches can not possess. And Methodism does not depend upon her great men, but upon the average Methodist preacher, with his Christian character, his prophetic impulse to preach the Gospel, and his knowledge, as Gideon Ouseley used to say, of “the disease and the remedy.” These itinerant preachers always have constituted, and so long as our system retains its essential features always will constitute, the efficiency and glory of our Church. All the geniuses and great men of the Church might be translated to heaven in a single night, and it would hardly jar or disturb her efficiency. We would still hear of revivals and conversions, and the work of smiting Satan and saving souls would still go forward. Whatever, therefore, increases the efficiency of the average Methodist preacher is of the very first importance and concerns intimately the welfare of the Church. Whatever affects the self-respect, the sense of obligation and authority, the dignity and devotion of the eleven thousand ministers of our Church must be of immeasurable importance. Self-government is intimately related to character and life.

Now is it not a fact that the average Methodist preacher has practically no part in the government of his Church? The Church is governed for him, her laws are enacted for him, by somebody else. There is a body called the General Conference, of which he has heard

by the hearing of the ear, but a sight of which has never, perhaps, blessed his eyes; of which he no more dreams of ever being a member than he dreams of representing his State in the nation's Senate; and that body is the law-making power of the Church, the fountain of all legislative, executive, and judicial authority. According to Dr. Hamline's great speech in the General Conference of 1844,—a speech which the writer was taught to receive as a correct statement of Methodist law and polity, but which it seems now to be the fashion in some quarters to sneer at,—the General Conference is absolute master, or nearly so. It can do no wrong; an error is not a legal presumption, and if it err, it alone can cure the error. “The General Conference is the sun of our system,” said Dr. Hamline in that famous speech which made him a bishop; but it is a sun as far removed from the average Methodist preacher as is the literal sun above his head. It is true that he votes for the members of that body, but it would be a misuse of words to say that he is always represented by the men whom his votes helped to elect. Quite often he is misrepresented by them. Some conspicuous cases of this kind have occurred so recently that they need not be named to be recollected, and for such misrepresentation there is no redress.

The truth seems to be that in a Church it is, as a rule, impracticable to raise distinct issues, or erect platforms, as is the custom in the political world, on which delegates must stand. The best that can be done is to elect men, and trust to their judgment and honor; and if they were chosen by drawing names from a hat, we would perhaps be as fairly represented as we are with our present methods.

And thus it comes about that the Church is governed for us who constitute the rank and file of the ministry, and not by us.

All this evil would be avoided, or at least much of it, by requiring that every considerable disciplinary change should be submitted for the approval of the annual conferences before it could become a law. It is neither just nor wise that serious changes should be made in the government of the Church, and the great body of the ministry have nothing to say about them. If they are to execute the laws, and also to be governed by them, they ought to have some part in making the

laws. Why should the itinerancy be swept away, and the itinerants have nothing to say about it? Why should the method of appointing presiding elders be changed without asking the opinion of the general ministry? Why should new conditions of membership be imposed on the Church without the consent of the men who are to enforce those conditions? "Full powers to make rules and regulations," is too big a grant by far for the best interests of the Church to-day. In 1844 it permitted the division of the Church. In 1868 it was interpreted by a majority of the General Conference to permit lay delegation. The restrictions on that grant of power are few, and in the actual working of the Church these few have proved to be very feeble.

Let every new measure that changes the governmental methods of the Church, or affects the standing of the ministry or members, be submitted to the annual conferences, and let a majority vote of the conferences be required before such measure becomes law.

Can any good reason be given why every Methodist preacher should not have a voice in the law-making of his Church? Is the rank and file preacher, who will never sit in the General Conference, too ignorant to be trusted with a vote? Is his experience or his piety so deficient that he must be kept under the tutelage of more favored brethren? Or is the General Conference so fortunate in its membership, and in its conditions for wise legislation, that nothing can be lost by excluding the co-operation and judgment of the eleven thousand members of the annual conferences?

A more urgent reason for the reform here advocated is the influence upon every preacher which would result from direct personal responsibility for the Church. It would require a careful study of our system. It would bring about a closer sympathy with the Church and a better knowledge of its book of discipline. It would result in more uniformity of administration. It would compact the connectionalism, and strengthen the loyalty of the Church.

In our early history, every preacher had a vote on all matters in the Church. And Asbury refused to be a superintendent on Wesley's appointment without an election by the men over whom he was to rule, and whose appointments were to be made by him. But

we do not vote for the men in whose hands are our destinies and those of our families, nor are they responsible to us, who sit in the annual conferences, for any thing they may do.

They are put over us by a body in which we never expect to sit, and upon which we can have only the feeblest and most remote influence. Even in the Protestant Episcopal Church, with its hierarchical elements, every minister has a direct vote as to who shall be his bishop. But the poor boon has thus far been withheld from us of even nominating the presiding elders, whom custom has made the stationing committee.

And this is a change that would be conservative in its practical working. Among Asbury's reasons for desiring a delegated conference in 1808 was his solicitude lest the General Conference as previously composed of all the preachers, and therefore possessing absolute power, would do some unwise thing, or overturn some great institution of Methodism. As a conservative measure, he favored a delegated conference with curtailed power. But since power must reside somewhere, it still remains practically with the General Conference when in session, and at all other times with the episcopacy. A single legislative body with vast powers is always exposed to the temptations of sinister influence or hasty deliberation; but no fear of radicalism can be entertained when ninety separate bodies must pass upon a measure before it becomes law.

An objection may be raised that this scheme would fetter and cripple our Church; that we live in a rapid age, and sometimes need prompt action. But surely if a change in any important interest of the Church is needed, the ministers of the Church, who love her and serve her, may be trusted to see the necessity. Besides, Methodism is not now in its formative stage. Our institutions are tolerably well matured. After a hundred glorious years of life we are not in our swaddling clothes. And the vast interests involved call for cautious and well-deliberated action.

The administrative functions of the annual conferences also ought to be enlarged. They should have a certain independency in managing home interests, and in regulating the Churches within their bounds. The permanency of our far-extended Republic will be due largely to the principle of local self-

government, which inheres in our system of sovereign States and towns. Mississippi can afford to remain in the Union so long as the men of the Pine-tree State can not force upon her the laws and social customs of Maine.

Our Church belts the world, and in view of the varied conditions of far-separated portions of our work, what good reason can be given why these separated conferences should not have considerable authority for managing their own affairs? Why should the Colorado Conference be forced to the same methods and regulations as the New York Conference? Why should not the conferences in India and China be permitted considerable latitude and departure from the usages of a home conference?

For example, in the older portions of the work a conference might vote to make the presiding elders chairmen of districts, while on the frontiers the old method would be most efficient; and why may not the several annual conferences have some voice in ordering this measure?

As preachers we have often felt the need of more intimate relations between the conference and the Churches within its bounds. These Churches are practically independent in any of our assemblies. There is neither presbyterial nor episcopal authority over them. They may run into debt to their financial ruin, they may build unwisely, they may mortgage their property for current expenses and consume the heritage of the past, they may separate into factions and become embroiled in quarrels, but the conference can not come near them either with counsel or restraint. Every old conference has its monuments of this mischievous defect of our system in churches deserted or sold for debt, or in churches crippled by mortgages.

It is both blunder and crime that two opposition Methodist Churches should exist side by side. This is, indeed, the very worst form of schism. In the Presbyterian Church every presbytery has jurisdiction over all the Churches under its care, so that these evils are in the main prevented, and the result is a well-knit, compact, efficient, and loyal Church. And there are peculiar reasons why a Methodist conference should have this care over its Churches. Our system of change makes the

preachers' collegiate pastors. At the next session of conference each preacher may be sent to any one of the Churches.

If it be said that the presiding elders should do this work, it is sufficient reply that they have failed in the past, which is sufficient proof that they lack the moral and legal power to make their advice effectual, and that they represent a power for which the Churches neither feel nor possess responsibility.

To make this conference oversight practical and beneficent, it would be required that laymen should sit with the preachers in the annual conferences. That measure must, indeed, very soon be inaugurated by the Church. It is needed to give us genuine lay delegation, and not simply a lay aristocracy, where rank or wealth secures the prize of the suffrages of the crude lay conventions of to-day.

Critics of our polity are sometimes called meddlers and trouble-makers; but surely it is worth remembering that while our Church has been famous for its unity and pence on doctrinal questions, it has been equally famous or in-famous for its agitations and secessions on ecclesiastical issues.

Our Church has been in a jangle from the days of O'Kelly, and even earlier, on questions of polity. Slice after slice has been taken from us. Church after Church has been established by the seceders, while zealous, humble, and god-fearing ministers have submitted in silence, though not satisfied, rather than cause agitations. Is it not just possible that the chief cause of these troubles is our lack of distributed power,—our over-centralization? A pyramid is a difficult structure to throw down, for the simple reason that it has a broad base. We have the fallacy which the logicians call "an undistributed middle." Europe is honey-combed by communistic societies to-day, because the people have no share in the law-making bodies. In our land these pests do not flourish. There is no material to feed the wild fire. The emissaries of communism from Berlin and Paris find the people unprepared for them. The antidote of European communism is the universal ballot. If there is a grievance, there is a remedy. There is no governing aristocracy. And from these things we may learn what are the wants of our ecclesiastical system.

J. P.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WHAT WE KNOW OF BABYLONIA.—Some lectures on the literature of Babylonia by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, just printed in London, furnish much fresh information on this little understood subject. Every great city of Babylonia had at least one library; but their contents are still largely unknown, nor will much be learned until excavations bring the remains of the libraries to light. Almost all that is known of ancient Babylonia and Assyria, was derived, says Mr. Sayce, from the contents of a single Assyrian library at Nineveh, two-thirds of which is now in the British Museum. That library was founded by Sardanapalus, the son of Esar-haddon, who was distinguished among kings for his patronage of learning. Some of the earlier libraries of the country were merged into this one, and scribes were employed to copy and re-edit the old Chaldean literature, so that a new text became the most valuable present a Babylonian city could send to Nineveh, and it was prized with about the same ardor as a classical manuscript in the time of the Renaissance. A large part of the literature of Assyria was derived from Babylonia, from which it is reasoned that the Assyrians were not a literary people, but a nation of warriors and legislators, like the Romans after them. Their literature had its inspiration from Babylonia, just as the Roman had its from Greece. The libraries of Assyrian cities were founded in imitation of those in Babylonia, and such art and learning as they possessed came originally from their southern neighbors.

MR. GLADSTONE'S PERSONNEL.—He is a tender father, a devoted husband, a true and good friend. His disinterestedness about money matters is so great that he refused an augmentation of his salary whilst prime minister, and left office impoverished. He had to sell a goodly collection of china, which he had amassed (for he is a connoisseur), and soon afterward his library of books, which was bought back for him by Lord Wolverton. His readiness to succor all who appeal to his charity is only limited by his means, and frequently he returns from a country walk with

his pockets cleaned out, thanks to his distributions of gold and silver among the sick or needy villagers. Some months ago he went out for a walk of about twelve miles, intending to return to Hawarden by train; but in the evening he found he had given away every thing, and had not money left to pay for his ticket. So he trudged home on foot, arriving so late his family had become uneasy. Mr. Gladstone does more than give money away, for he has often been known to go and read the Bible to tenants who were bedridden, and this mission of charity he has always discharged in the most natural, unostentatious fashion, even when he was prime minister and had work enough to occupy all the moments of such a sturdy toiler as himself. He is in truth a most fervent Christian, and the explanation of much of what is wayward in his character may be found in his deep religiousness. His wrath is generally righteous wrath, if one may so call it.

ADVANTAGES OF ORIENTAL COSTUME.—When the European first beholds the Orientals in their strange attire, there is a suppressed smile playing on his lips, and a look akin to pity hidden in his eye. And yet there is a great deal of philosophy of the Oriental mind expressed in the garb where-with he clothes himself. The flowing robes and loose white cloaks worn by him in Summer are more effectual in keeping out the sun than our own tight-fitting garments; and for a like climatic reason they have made choice of a head-dress which affords the best protection possible against sun-strokes, so common in the Eastern countries. The stagnation of the blood, which produces sun-stroke, may occur in any part of the body, and sometimes attacks the knees when exposed with a tight-fitting covering, especially in riding. The nape of the neck is, however, the most dangerous spot, and all Eastern head-dresses cover it. In Morocco, the natives will, however, face a fierce Summer sun with only a grass fillet round their temples, the top of the head being exposed. This fillet is bound tightly, and passes over the base of the skull at the

back. In the same way the Syrian head-dress, called *kufeyeh*, which is worn by Christians, by horsemen, by the Bedouin, and by the native regiments—in fact, by all who are most exposed to the sun—consists of a shawl bound round the temples by a fillet. A felt cap is often worn under the shawl; but the main object of the head-dress is to cover the nape of the neck, and to give a tight ligature round the head. The action of this fillet can only be properly accounted for by a physician. The fact remains that it forms a most efficient protection against sun-stroke.

THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.—Sir Moses Montefiore, in pursuance of his plan to restore the Jews to Palestine, has ordered the land in front of the Judah Torah houses in Palestine to be prepared for cultivation. "The rocks will be removed, terraces built all along, as it used to be in the time of King Solomon, and divided into twenty-two partitions, so that every inmate may cultivate the necessary vegetables for himself and family. Sir Moses has also caused a very large cistern to be constructed in the center of the field, which will secure a full supply of water for all of them. There will be a beautiful veranda in front of all of the houses, so as to protect the inmates from the glare of the sun. The veranda was sent direct from London. He has also had a new entrance made in the center of the boundary wall, built a lodge for a watchman, and had a large bell affixed to one of the houses, to give the alarm in the case of emergency." A German paper is authority for the statement that the Rothschilds hold, among other securities for a loan of two thousand million francs to the Sultan, a mortgage on the entire land of Palestine.

FRANCE SAVED ONCE MORE.—So may we say truly. Communism is a rank weed in the beautiful garden we call the French Republic of 1879. Blanqui and Cassagnac are both cultivating the troublesome vines on which hang the sorrows of an eternity. But the good sense of the French people has made of no effect the villainous efforts of this Cassagnac, who dared to make his boast the other day that he had incited the Bordeaux Bonapartists to vote for Blanqui, and the prompt refusal of the Chambers to sanction the election of the radical Communist, shuts the door of the leg-

islative halls to him at an hour when the gates of exile shut upon him, and his own father-land bids him a hearty welcome, though he be unworthy of her favors. This Blanqui has been a most troublesome fellow to his countrymen. In 1870 he led the rampant Communists of Paris, and was instrumental in the destruction of millions of property at the capital. To-day he stands elected a representative of the same class of people with whom he then associated, and though the ministry of the new republic cuts his bonds and sets him free despite his dangerous tendencies to society, the Chamber at Versailles has at least wisely decided that such a man is not their fit associate, and Blanqui's constituents must choose another to represent them. It is, however, really a query whether such people should be represented at all. It is very well to talk about a republic and the liberties it grants; but there is a class of people to whom license means liberty, and they need educating before they can be trusted with such heaven-born privileges.

RUSSIA'S POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.—That man who next to Prince Gortschakoff exercises the greatest influence on the foreign policy of Russia is said to be General Milutine, the minister of war. The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* has recently attacked his course, and openly denounced him as the instigator of the attacks of the Russian press upon Germany, and thus called general attention to Milutine. He is generally the companion of the czar, travels with him in the same carriage, goes hunting with him, and often converses with him alone and for hours. He dislikes the German race, and suspects Bismarck's policy. The repressive measures which, in the beginning of the reign of Alexander II, were taken against the somewhat expansive enthusiasm of the German element in the Baltic provinces, are known to have been inspired by Milutine. After the battle of Sadowa he changed the position of the Russian army so as to make it available for a sudden rush upon Germany—a fact which did not remain unnoticed, but at the time was capable of a friendly explanation. The circumstance, however, which has now suddenly concentrated public attention on him is his close connection with all those papers which

during the present press war have proved the bitterest enemies of Germany, such as the *Golos*, and the St. Petersburg *Vjedowski*, etc. It would seem, however, that, despite Milutine's watchful care, Bismarck has succeeded in checkmating Russia's opposition, and by a close alliance with Austria, Germany has secured an unconquerable hold in the heart of Europe. It will be interesting to watch this Milutine for a while. He will start on a new road, and journey on to get ahead of Bismarck in the race if he can.

CONDITION OF ITALY.—Secondary education in Italy is still for the most part in the hands of priests, and educational institutions managed by the clergy. There are only one hundred and ninety-one schools—with some scientific schools—which are not connected with the Church. The upper schools are divided into gymnasiums and lyceums, the latter alone giving the final preparation for the universities. The report of the inspectors to the Italian University of Education says that education in the lyceums "is confined to logic and dialectics, explained and taught in the Latin language, and to the elements of mathematics and natural philosophy. Of the seminaries, one hundred and eleven have no university classes at all, forty-two cram all their university education into one year, eighty-eight spread it over two years, and only thirty-six are more or less arranged according to the three years university course prescribed by law." And why not? Can the Romish priesthood teach more than the elements of learning, and expect an obedient following? But Italy is waking, and the noonday sun will illumine this long-preserved darkness among the masses, and a new life will spring up, bringing out of this class of Italy's people a very different sort of representatives from those that now come to our shores.

THE SLAVONIC EMPIRE.—The elections for the first Eastern Roumelian parliament show which way the wind is blowing in the Balkan Peninsula. It appears that out of the fifty-six members who will sit in the chamber, all will be Bulgarians except six or seven—the Turks having the majority in the latter number, because in some places the Bulgarians have voted for and with the Mussulmans, while in nearly all places where the Turks

knew they could not possibly return one of their own faith, they either abstained from voting altogether, or threw their weight into the scale in favor of the Bulgarian candidate. The governor-general has also the right of nominating a certain number of persons of all creeds and nationalities in the province to a seat in the assembly, besides which the law also ordains that all the religious heads of the various communities shall have seats in the new parliament. Thus the Bulgarian and the Greek metropolitan of Philippopolis, the Mahammadan mufti, the Jewish rabbi, the Catholic bishop, the Protestant pastor (for there is a small community of Bulgarian Protestants) will all sit together and take part, if they think proper, in the deliberations of the assembly. It will be a Bulgarian parliament, and a strong impetus will be given to the movement for national unity. And *apropos* marches with this Slavonification and unification of the new Roumelia, the alliance of Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria, probably soon to be approved and strengthened also by Eastern Roumelia's accession. The Austro-Germanic alliance, though it may prove but an infant of a few days' growth, has come to be a fact, and the Slavonic nations of Southern Europe, feeling themselves endangered by Austria's inroads in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and knowing the ambition of the House of Hapsburg to enlarge its east-southern boundaries at their expense and to prevent the founding of a Slavonic empire, have only been stimulated to more speedy action; and the word as it comes across the cable forebodes the near approach of a new birth in the lines of empire and the next to be the empire of the *Slavs*. And why not? The time for national unions is now.

MARSHAL OZORIO, BRAZIL.—In the decease of Marshal Manuel Luiz Ozorio Brazil has lost one of her greatest characters. Although he had attained the ripeness of Biblical age, the Marquis of Herval seemed only primer for life's work. And yet his youthfulness at threescore years and ten was not the result of idleness. He had led a most eventful life and had kept a most restless activity from his youth up, and had gained his celebrity by his worth and his works. Of obscure parentage he entered the private ranks of the Brazilian army to advance from station to station until

at last he was regarded as the invincible soldier and the most gallant of generals. But what was far better than all, Marshal Ozorio was as loyal to his country as he fought with bravery for it. Brazil will honor his memory not only for his greatness, but also for his goodness; and the world will enshrine his great and excellent name as a holy relic for all men of all countries and all times. In 1864, when he was offered the leadership in a proposed revolution for the independence of Rio Grande, he forsook the "liberal party," which concocted the scheme, and stood firm for his country. In the Paraguayan war he fought from the first (1867) to the end of it in 1870, when he came home to be honored as we now honor Grant. Never before had Rio Janeiro given such brilliant receptions as were accorded to the Marquis of Herval, as he was named in honor of his services to Brazil. In 1878 he entered the Cabinet as Minister of War, and his popularity held the ministry to

which he belonged in highest public esteem. As Henry Constable sang of Sir Philip Sidney, so may we sing of Marshal Ozorio:

"Courage, honor, makes thy soul to live,
Thy soul to live in heaven, thy name in tongues of men."

THE NORTH-EAST PASSAGE.—The North-east Passage is found at last! The golden dream of four centuries is finally realized. Spain, Holland, England, and Venice, all the great mariners of Europe failed to find it, but that little north-bound country, Sweden, sent its Professor Nordenskjöld to the Pacific by way of the Arctic Ocean and Behring's Strait about a year ago, and though he was ice-bound for nearly eight months at East Cape, he yet accomplished the task successfully. For discovering the North-west Passage, Sir Robert M'Clure was knighted and received a reward of \$25,000; now what shall be the reward of this great Swedish navigator who satisfies the world's longing of four centuries?

ART.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR STARK.

ART and artists have suffered most sore loss in the death of Karl Bernhard Stark, Geheimrath and Professor in the University of Heidelberg. He died after a very brief illness on the 12th of October, at the age of fifty-five years. Mr. Murray, in the *Academy*, has the following notice: This event, so unexpected and so sad for his intimate friends, will be felt as a severe blow by the many whose interest was in the work he did—at the present most of all in his "*Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst*," the publication of which, it was hoped, would proceed rapidly now that a beginning had been made after long years of preparation. How far the material of it may be in order, we do not know; but, unless it is well forward, the death of the author must be regarded as a disaster, since, just as no one but he could have undertaken the task, so no one else could finish it well. As early as 1852 he had shown the necessity of such a book by his "*Archäologische Studien zu einer Revision von Müller's Handbuch*," and in doing this had proved his capacity for the work. This was confirmed again and again by such articles as

his "*Jahresbericht*," for 1873, in the *Philologue*, had such confirmation been needed by those who knew his "*Niobe und Niobiden*," his recent "*Festschrift*" on the portraits of Alexander the Great, or, to come to more modern art, his studies on Leonardo da Vinci and Dürer; for the duties of his professorship led him into these fields also. Of his great work, the "*Handbuch der Archäologie*," only half of the first volume has been published. It was to extend to three volumes, and these were promised in quick succession. Every one must deplore the loss of a life so useful. To very many it is a grievous personal bereavement.

To the closing words of this notice we can most heartily, yet most sadly, subscribe. To the many, many Americans, to whom Professor Stark had become very dear, this sad news of his removal from his most interesting and important labors will come with almost crushing force. He was a man of profoundest scholarship, not only in the department of investigation to which he had given the richest of his powers, but in other kindred and related subjects he had made such proficiency as to make the more ordinary scholar feel almost

ashamed of venturing an opinion. He was, moreover, a man of such kindly impulses, of such grand simplicity, and of such generous helpfulness to those who sought his advice, that many in America will mourn almost as if a father had fallen. It will be a special calamity to the art community of America, since arrangements had been well-nigh perfected to have an American translation of his grand work, "*Handbuch der Archäologie*," appear almost simultaneously with the German original. The art public will be anxious to learn in what stage of progress the fallen scholar has left a work which would have proved truly monumental.

CORREGGIO.

WITH the three great masters of Italian painting Correggio rightly takes his place. Inferior to these in the expression of the highest beauty and dignity, of grandeur of form and intensity of expression, he yet occupies the highest position as the creator of a new sphere in art of wonderful power and splendor. For, while art had reached its highest development in many directions, there were others in which it had not yet attained perfection. Correggio was endowed with a rare exaltation of feeling, an excitable and ardent nature, and an intense susceptibility. From this character grew both his choice and treatment of subjects. His works are full of nervous life and motion, and overflow with joyousness. His figures are bathed as in a sea of joy and ecstasy, filled with intoxicating delight, rapture, passion. Severity, dignity, even gravity are wanting; there is little rhythmical composition and the beauty that consists of harmony of line. He breaks all the laws of religious conception and artistic usage, to represent his figures in the expression of emotion and restless, outward, movement. Sacred tradition has no bonds for him; he follows solely the promptings of his own nature. He is distinguished by an intensely subjective mode of conception. His style is sensuous, voluptuous, at times almost wanton. He delights in portraying the rapture of a passionate love. In the same way he treats his religious subjects. His Madonnas and Magdalenes have the same dewy, melting, bewitching eyes, the same rapturous smile, the same seductive charms as his Danaë, his

Leda, or Io. But he keeps his tone so pure and true that the passion is felt to be of heaven, not of earth—the highest state of paradisaic innocence. In this sanctification of human passion, this apotheosis of the rapture of love, Correggio pursued a path yet untrodden, and won a new kingdom for the queen of the arts. But not only this, he gave to painting a new medium of expression of marvelous delicacy and power. He is the first artist who wages systematic war against all flatness of surface, and in the struggle he discovered chiaroscuro, and brought it to a high degree of perfection. His pictures are filled with a light which is interwoven with delicate reflections and transparent shadows. Light and shade melt into each other through exquisite gradations; but the greatest brilliancy never dazzles, the deepest shade has nothing of gloom. Half concealing and half revealing his lovely forms, this chiaroscuro greatly heightens their attractions. Once discovered, Correggio employed it with enthusiasm. It became the one great instrumentality through which his art works. For this he sacrifices style, design, and grouping. All other things he casts aside for a composition in which effects of color may have their fullest display. And the beholder is induced to forgive all—is even silenced in criticism—by the indescribable charm of the result. "A picture by Correggio," says M. Taine, "is a sort of Alcibiades' enchanted garden, where the bewildering seduction of light wedded to light, the capricious and caressing grace of waving or broken lines, the glittering whiteness and rotundity of feminine forms, piquant irregularity of faces, the vivacity, the tenderness, the abandonment of expression and action combine to form an exquisite and delicate dream of felicity, such as a fairy's magic and a woman's affection would prepare for a lover."—*The National Quarterly Review*.

INTERFERENCES OF THE AFFECTIONS WITH THE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF ART.

MR. HAMMERTON continues his characteristic "Notes on *Æsthetics*" in the *Portfolio*. They are full of quick wit, keen analysis, happy suggestion, and sometimes of profound insight. He has the faculty of making whatever he treats attractive to the reader, and leaves the student of his papers hungry for

the next installment. In the October number he has some very happy thoughts and illustrations on the "Interferences of the affections with the judgment in matters of art." "Affection interferes with our perception of art by making us prefer the inferior to the superior on account of some pleasant or pathetic association of ideas. The nation, the family, the favorite occupation or amusement, all these powerfully interfere with the justice of our appreciation of every thing in which beauty is concerned. . . . The popular mind does not analyze its preferences—it is incapable of establishing a distinction between what it can not help loving and what has claims upon its admiration. This incapacity may be found in minor degrees in intelligences far above the popular. We see it in the taste for scenery, when the sentiment of local patriotism fondly exaggerates the beauty and interest of the native land, while international antagonism exaggerates the defects of the neighboring country, and depreciates its merits. The remnant of old hostility is still strong enough between the English and the French to make them unjust in the aesthetic criticisms of each other's countries. The French opinion is that England is buried under perpetual fog, and an Englishman must be exceptionally erudite in geography to have got rid of his national belief that all France is flat and uninteresting. Few Frenchmen will admit, without resistance, that the Thames above London is as rich in beautiful lowland scenes as the best parts of the Seine or the Marne! The French have nothing to say about the climate of Denmark, because there is no international jealousy of Denmark; the English say nothing against the scenery of any minor state; but the jealousy between England and France finds vent in all sorts of mutual aesthetic criticisms. It chooses aesthetic criticism because in matters of taste there is always something unfavorable to be said; and it is not always so easy to prove its injustice as in a statement about trade or finance. The French say that the English have no music; the English say that the French have no poetry. It was a great advantage to the musical and dramatic artists of Italy that their nation used to be too weak and divided to excite jealousy—it gave them a much better chance of a fair aesthetic criticism in other countries than French or English artists would have enjoyed."

DUTIES ON WORKS OF ART.

RECENT bulletins of the Treasury Department contain decisions of Secretary Sherman upon certain art matters that are interesting. The customs officers of this port (New York) have charged a duty upon engravings printed in this country from an American plate, but sent abroad for the signature of the artist who painted the original picture. Appeal was taken to the Secretary. The decision was sustained on the ground that the engravings return in a different condition and with an increased value. This has led to the decision that foreign autographs, especially those of crowned heads, for collecting which some persons have a mania, ought not to be allowed the benefit of the free list, as they are at present, unless the receiver is prepared to make affidavit that they are not imported for sale. In Philadelphia Miss Sarah Hooker has been obliged to pay a higher duty on some pottery she imported because it had been decorated abroad, and so came under the head of decorated china-ware. In her appeal she set forth that this decoration had been made by an American artist, and that, therefore, her pots and jars should have been admitted as undecorated pottery, the duty on which is low. Her appeal, it is needless to say, was not sustained, and American artists residing abroad may heed the hint thus given to them, and take care to paint only on American material, if they do not wish to be suddenly summoned some day to pay the same duty as that charged on foreign pictures. The law, again, now allows "the free importation of cabinets of coins, medals, and all other collections of antiquities specially imported and not for sale." The last clause was added in 1874, and has, no one needs to be told, a prohibitory effect in many instances. Museums and galleries are proverbially poor, and it is impossible for them to watch European opportunities to enrich their treasures. Such duties as have recently been imposed on classical antiquities will, of course, prevent their importation with any chance of their disposal to any of the museums or private galleries. But it is evidently in vain to rely for relief on "a liberal spirit of interpreting the law," as the appellant usually does. In the words which generally deny his appeal, "relief must be sought from Congress."—*The Nation*.

ART NEWS.

THE jury of the International Exhibition, which was held last Summer at Munich, has made the awards, and the medals have been distributed. The results of the distribution are exceedingly unfavorable to English art and artists. News has been received that with the exception of Mr. Herkomer, himself a Bavarian by birth, not a single award was made to English artists. This seems to argue one of three things, that the English painters were not anxious to send their best pictures, or they did not have the best to send, or there was great partiality shown by the jury. The first and last suppositions are not most reasonable, hence English art seems to be on a par with Continental art, either French or German. The French artists seem to have been most successful, for out of eighteen first-class gold medals five were awarded to Frenchmen, namely, Bonnat, Bouguereau, Laurens, Dubois, and Mercié. It seems that the French obtained a full quarter of the first three classes of prizes, the balance going to Germany and other countries besides England. This result of the International at Munich has opened the eyes of some of the English, and led them to inquire into the causes of their lack of popularity with so intelligent a jury. May there not be a reason which, if fully stated, would not be highly complimentary to contemporary English artists?

—Through a correspondent of *L'Art* we learn that the celebrated fresco of Andrea del Sarto, of the *Madonna del Sacco*, painted above the entrance door of the old Church of the Annunziata, in Florence, is in danger of complete destruction, owing to the bad condition of the water-pipe outside the wall on which the picture is painted. It seems very strange that in the artistic city of Florence this favorite picture should be allowed to go to decay for the want of a few francs to make necessary repairs. The serious social, religious, and political problems which have been pressed upon Italy for solution during the past twenty-five years seem to have necessarily turned the public attention to a greater or less degree away from the preservation of her glorious art monuments, as well as from the generous encouragement of her native artists. It is much to

be regretted that a work so important as this to the history of art should be permitted to take irreparable injury.

—We notice the recent death of our historical painter, Wm. H. Powell, in his fifty-seventh year. Mr. Powell was in many respects a great painter. The Rotunda at Washington contains his *Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto*, which is justly regarded one of the finest examples of historic painting, with a purely American subject, in the United States. His *The Landing of the Pilgrims*, we believe, is now in the possession of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq. Some years ago he executed a commission for the State of Ohio, taking as his subject, *The Battle of Lake Erie*, in which Commodore Perry forms the central figure. A copy of this, executed for the general government, is now found in the gallery of the Senate. In his death America loses one of her most true and honest historical painters, some of whose works must be of permanent value in the art history of this country.

—Cyrus W. Field has finished a memorial shaft to Major John André, near Tappan, in Rockland County, New York. The shaft is of Maine granite, three and one-half feet square, and five feet high. There is no ornamentation, the polished surface being relieved only by inscriptions in modest lettering. The main inscription is beautiful of sentiment, and expressive of the feeling of the average American citizen towards this unfortunate officer: "Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John André, of the British Army, who, entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity, and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were received at Westminster Abbey. A hundred years after his execution this stone was placed above the spot where he lay by a citizen of the States against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better feelings which have since united two nations, one in race, in language, and in religion, with the earnest hope that this union will never be broken."

NATURE.

PHILOSOPHY OF RECREATION.—When any tissue or organ is in a state of activity in the performance of its functions, the activity which it manifests entails a process of disintegration, which is the reverse of the process of nutrition; that is to say, when a tissue or organ is doing its work, it is expending energy which it has previously derived by virtue of the process of nutrition. Work, therefore, so to speak, is the using up of nutrition; so that if the income of energy due to nutrition is equal to the expenditure of energy due to work, the tissue or organ will remain stationary as regards its capacity for further work, while, if the work done is in excess of the nutrition supplied, the tissue or organ will soon be unable to continue its work; it will become, as we say, exhausted, cease to work, and remain passive until it is again slowly and gradually refreshed or built up by the process of nutrition. Therefore, all the tissues and organs of the body require periods of rest to alternate with periods of activity; and what is true of each part of the body is likewise true of the body as a whole—sleep being nothing other than a time of general rest during which the process of nutrition is allowed to gain upon that of exhaustion. Thus we may have local exhaustion—as when the muscles of our arm are no longer able to hold out a heavy weight—or we may have general exhaustion, as in sleep, and we may have local restorations due to nutrition—as when our exhausted arm, after some interval of rest, is again able to sustain the weight—or we may have a general restoration due to nutrition, as in the effects of sleep. In the case of some organs—such as most of the secreting organs—activity is almost constant—owing to the constant expenditure of energy being just about balanced by the constant income; in the case of nerves and muscles this is not so; during the times when these organs are in activity their expenditure of energy is so vastly greater than their income during the same times, that they can only do their work by drawing upon the stores of energy which have been laid up by them during the comparatively long periods of their previous rest. Now recreation applies only to

nerve and muscle, and what it amounts to is simply this—a change of organic activity, having for its object the affording of time for the nutrition of exhausted portions of the body. A part of the body having become exhausted by work done, and yet the whole of the body not being exhausted so far as to require sleep, recreation is the affording of local sleep to the exhausted part by transferring the scene of activity from it to some other part. Be it observed that a certain amount of activity is necessary for the life and health of all the organs of the body; so it would not do for the community of organs as a whole that, when any one set became exhausted by their own activity, all the others should share in their time of rest as in general sleep. But, by transferring the state of activity from organs already exhausted by work to organs which are ready nourished to perform work, recreation may be termed, as has been said, local sleep.

PERIODIC WAKEFULNESS.—A recent traveller in the Cevennes makes a very curious observation to the effect that there is in that region one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad, and all the out-door world are aroused. The cocks crow, cattle awake in the meadows, sheep break their fast on the hill-sides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men open their eyes and behold the beauty of the night. This curious phenomenon the shepherds and old country folks declare takes place always about two in the morning. Apropos of this a correspondent to an English paper, says: "It is a mistake to suppose that this 'stirring hour,' when a 'wakeful influence' goes abroad is unknown to those who dwell in houses. I have been aware of it for a long time, and have noticed it year after year on myself though I live in a house. In the Winter I usually go to bed at nine P. M., but between one and two in the morning I wake, feel uncomfortably warm, and throw off some of the covering. Soon this discomfort passes away, I again pull up the blankets, and sleep till daylight. This occurs morning after morning as regularly as possi-

ble. In the Summer I wake at the same time, and with equal regularity, feel uneasy, toss about for some time, although at this season no blankets are used, but finally drop off to sleep. Again, I am rather subject to an occasional neuralgic pain on the left side of my head. When this occurs at night, it goes increasing to its *maximum* between one and two o'clock in the morning, after which it begins to subside. I have often suspected that some change in the *terrestrial magnetism* some time after the passage of the sun across the meridian, on the other side of the earth, may be the cause of this subtle influence. Whatever may be this influence which acts on the nervous system of men and animals between one and two o'clock A. M., there is a similar influence during the day, between one and two P. M., although it may not have been noticed. I have observed it because when I am suffering from my neuralgia in the day, it goes on increasing till one and two o'clock in the afternoon, when it abates. This question, then, naturally arises: are the periodical exacerbations in fever, neuralgia, and the like, due to some cosmical influence? Statistics on the subject would be worth collecting. It is probable that the nervous system of animals—a most sensitive tissue—would be readily influenced by any magnetic change in the earth, or by other subtle cosmical influences."

HOW DO FISH LIVE IN WINTER?—In a late number of a scientific magazine we find the following inquiry: "Can any of your scientific readers give a satisfactory explanation of how it is that fish can exist below the ice for lengthened periods, and how, under such circumstances, their respiration is maintained?" Many of our lakes and rivers are completely covered with ice, in some instances of more than two feet in thickness, for a period of not less than three months. The fish do not appear, however, to diminish in numbers, and those captured shortly after the ice breaks up are in excellent condition. We know that fish are dependent for their respiration on the oxygen which water holds loosely in solution. By a movement of deglutition the water taken in by the mouth is passed from the pharynx into the gills, and, while escaping posteriorly through the membranous laminae of the latter, gives off its loose oxygen, which purifies the

venous blood contained in the delicate vessels by which the laminae are traversed. It is a generally accepted fact that this admixture of oxygen with water is principally brought about by the perpetual agitation of the latter by storms, currents, etc. In the tanks of our public aquaria it is necessary to have a continual circulation of fresh water, or a rush of air into each tank, to prevent the fish from being suffocated. In streams, in small lakes, partly frozen over, in lakes entirely covered with ice, but supplied with large and inexhaustible feeders, it is not difficult to understand how the supply of air, which contains the requisite oxygen, is kept up. Many ponds and lakes, however, have no streams falling into them. Completely sealed by ice for months, their waters have no agitation in contact with the air. Their supply of water is drawn from subterranean springs, and that this is very scanty, owing to the absence of rain and low temperature, is proved by the fact that no water escapes from these lakes by their outlets. Many of these waters teem with fish, which must surely, sooner or later, absorb all the loose oxygen with which the water was charged previous to its being locked by ice. The demand for oxygen is unceasing, and if the usually accepted theory of aquatic existence is correct, what is the source of this supply of oxygen which our long Winters would almost lead us to believe inexhaustible? In this inquiry it is remembered that there is a wonderfully exquisite balance maintained between aquatic animal and vegetable life, as well as between land animal and plant life, by which the latter decomposes carbonic acid given off by animals, and produces oxygen, which in its turn is used by the animal. This process, however, can only take place under the influence of light, so that in the circumstances we are considering it must be to a large extent diminished, for in addition to two feet of ice covering the water, there are generally several inches of snow, which must rob plant life below of nearly, if not of all, sunlight. Here is certainly an occasion for speculation, or, what is far more valuable, the discovery of new facts.

WALKING IN A CIRCLE.—It is said that one side of the body tends to *outwalk* the other side; that is, a person unguided by a path

always turns to one side or the other, at last describing a circle, returning to a point not far from that from which he started. Many such cases are on record, but it has not been certainly established to which side the turn is generally made. One student of the subject asserts that he has frequently been lost in the woods, finding that he invariably turned from right to left; that is if he started to go due north, he deflected toward the west; he also states cases of convicts wandering in a circle. A gentleman, long connected with a prison in New York State, writes on an instance of this kind as follows: "Two convicts escaped from the prison about the middle of the day; they started north upon a run intending to go to Canada; they said they ran almost continually, until almost dark when they found themselves near the prison yard, about fifty rods further south than their starting point, while they thought they were going exactly north all the time." It is also stated that it is a commonly received opinion among hunters and woodsmen that lost persons travel in a circle, turning to the left. This is very interesting, but not quite conclusive. Professor Burt G. Wilder, from whose lecture the above facts were gathered, says: "The experiment might be tried of letting a man, unprejudiced, walk blindfold over a plain covered with a light snow. I have tried walking in a room forty feet long, endeavoring to walk on the seam of the carpet with my eyes shut; in nine cases out of ten I found my deflection to be to the right, and, although I by no means regard such a trial as satisfactory, the result certainly accords with some facts already ascertained; for the greater propelling power of the right foot would cause the entire body to turn more toward the right."

SCIENCE AND COMMERCE.—As an illustration of the combination of science and commerce may be mentioned a new idea that has lately been carried out by a Swiss firm of chocolate makers. It is not stated whether the chocolate *bon-bons* have any peculiar merit in themselves, but the attraction lies in the manner of packing, the sweetmeats being put up in boxes containing two layers of small packets put up in very ornamental wrappers with colored designs, representing in series the various branches of natural history, such as

birds, butterflies, fishes, fruits, flowers, and even paleontology and geography. Each box, containing about twenty small packets of chocolate, is accompanied with a concise descriptive treatise in French, written by a competent naturalist. That on birds is thus described: After a pleasant general introduction on the utility and charming attraction of birds, and the necessity of protection and preservation of many, a brief sketch is given of their properties of flight, structure, organs of sense, respiration, nests, eggs, and incubation, moulting, geographical distribution, migration, utility to man, and general classification. Instructions are also given for preparing and mounting bird-skins, and scientific descriptions are furnished of those birds chosen for illustration, either for their beauty or brilliant plumage. A similar plan to the above is adopted in other branches of natural history.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—Phosphorescence appears in the flesh of marine animals along with a gelatinous substance which is formed. With the microscope MM. Bancel and Hussenot find two kinds of germs—at the surface, cells which no doubt produce this mucous fermentation; and in the mucus, very small bacteria. "The cells are thought to act like plants, decomposing carbonic acid of the air by day, fixing the carbon and liberating the oxygen in the liquid. By night they liberate carbonic acid, and the germ then lives and causes destruction to the matters around it, condensing oxygen and producing carbonized and phosphorized hydrogen. The hydrogenized products being burnt as they are produced, cause the phosphorescence. The writers also consider the phosphorescence of the lobster due to a fermentation of the kind referred to."

Apropos of phosphorescence, M. Nuesch records in a recent number of the *Journal de Pharmacie*, some curious observations regarding luminous bacteria in fresh meat. Some pork cutlets he found illuminated his kitchen so that he could read the time on his watch. The butcher who sent the meat told him the phosphorescence was first observed in a cellar where he kept scraps for making sausages. By degrees all his meat became phosphorescent, and fresh meat from distant towns got into the same state. All parts of the animal, except the blood, acquired the phenomenon over the

entire surface. The meat must be *fresh*; when it ceases to be so the phosphorescence ceases, and *bacterium termo* appear. None of the customers had been incommoded. It was remarked that if a small trace of phosphorescent matter be put at any point on the flesh of cats, rabbits, etc., the luminousness gradually spread, and in three or four days covered the whole piece; disappearing generally on the seventh day. Cooked meat did not present the phenomenon. No other butcher-shop in the place was affected.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN MOUND-FORMATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.—The curious hummocky appearance of the surface of the ground so noticeable in the Yosemite Valley, as well as in many other parts of California, are thus explained by Dr. Barnes: These mounds, in their most common type, may be described as rounded eminences or knolls, rising from one to four feet from the surrounding surface, and ranging from ten to fifty feet in diameter. Each mound, he says, marks a spot where formerly grew a shrub, or cluster of shrub-

bery. Dust set in motion and borne along by the winds is arrested by the shrub, and together with the falling leaves accumulates within and around it, after nearly enveloping the whole plant. The gopher, subsisting upon the roots and preferring for its operations the loose soil about them, is, it may be, an adjunct of the wind in heaping up material about the plant. While this loose earth of which the mound is composed is protected by the foliage of the plant, more solid earth beneath it is also protected from the wash of rain by its massive roots, while all around erosion goes slowly on, facilitated by the peculiar susceptibility of the soil to wash. In the course of time the plant dies—is smothered by the drift which nearly covers it, or is destroyed by the annual fires. Thus deprived of its protection, the winds and rain wear down the top of the loose deposit, and, to some extent, widen the base. While this is going on the surrounding earth is being continually lowered by the action of water. The wash being greater at the base than at the summit, its effect is perpetually to maintain or increase the prominences.

RELIGIOUS.

THE SPIRIT OF UNITY STRENGTHENING IN PROTESTANTISM.—Irenical theology is really getting to be the *ogly* of the modern Church. To be sure, attempts to secure peace in the Church have been common ever since differences first sprang up among those genuine souls who believe in *ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ*, or the speaking of the truth in love (Eph. iv, 15); but never has there been such a determined spirit, at least not in Protestantism, to draw closer the lines of union, and to make stronger the disregard for differences. Not only in America, but also in England movements are on foot indicating the ripening sense of the great sin which has hitherto been committed against "the bond of peace," *συνδεδεμένος τῆς εἰρήνης* (Eph. iv, 3), and the importance of a real and practical unity of evangelical Christendom. It certainly sounds a little novel to hear the report of the Diocesan Conference of Manchester, recently held, where, as the result of a discussion of the question, "What can be done to

bring non-conformists and conformists into close fellowship?" a resolution, though somewhat vague, was passed, recognizing the sin and scandal of divisions in Protestant Christendom, acknowledging that they have been encouraged by short-comings on the part of the English Church, and declaring the conference ready to "hail with the utmost satisfaction any proposals tending toward home reunion without compromising Scriptural truth and apostolic order." The mere consideration of the subject, still more the passage of such a resolution, is a promising feature of the Protestantism of to-day.

HOW DID THE APOSTLE PAUL LOOK.—A curious discussion between M. Rénan and M. Mézières concerning the personal appearance of St. Paul has followed the public reception of M. Rénan into the French Academy. M. Rénan has described St. Paul as a bald man, of short stature, aquiline nose, meeting eye-

brown, pale face, small head, piercing eyes, thick beard, prominent shoulders, and bow legs. Challenged to explain whence he derives all these remarkable details of St. Paul's personal appearance, he has cited the "Acts of Thekla" as his authority for the aquiline nose, the baldness, the meeting eyebrows, the small stature, and the bow legs, and the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus for the small head, the piercing eyes, the pale face, the thick beard, and the prominent shoulders. As M. Rénan would certainly not accept either of these very unhistorical authorities as his warrant for any statements intrinsically improbable, it follows that, like an apocryphal writer, he has taken the portrait which answers his fancy. And M. Mézières very reasonably asks: "Would any one in his senses go to Defoe's 'Apparition of Mrs. Veale' with the view of discovering not what Mrs. Veale's ghost was like—being rationalistic enough to reject the ghost as a fib of Defoe—but what Mrs. Veale herself was like, where she had lived, and what were her circumstances?" The ways of imaginative rationalists are certainly wonderful, and their affirmations often stranger than their denials.

DR. FALK SUPERSEDED.—At last Rome is victorious in Prussia, and though the victory is no honor to the papacy, yet Falk is beaten, and that is enough for Rome. Leo XIII sleeps easier in the Vatican, and William I leans once again for support on the Church in Christendom. And yet we doubt whether Prussia is as safe as it was with Falk for it and all Rome opposed. The May Laws will now soon lose their force, and ere long Roman Catholic prelates will *manipulate* scholastic and civil affairs as they once did. We know nothing of Herr von Gersler, who succeeds to power, but we know that Prussia will one day appreciate Dr. Falk if it does not now.

SAMARITAN WORSHIP STILL FAITHFUL.—In the town of Nablus, or Schechem, where Jacob bought the parcel of ground on which his well is still to be seen, there are now living about one hundred and forty descendants of the original Samaritans. The temple, which was built after the captivity on the top of a mountain near Nablus, has disappeared, but the old observances laid down in the Pentateuch are still kept up. A correspondent of

the *Methodist*, who was there at the last feast of the Passover, says he saw the ceremonies carried out just as they were arranged by Moses. A few moments before sunset the congregation assembled with the chief priest and the elders for the sacrifice. They repeated portions of Scripture, and then seven rams were led out and examined by the high-priest to see that they were without blemishes, and exactly as the sun sank behind the sea their throats were cut. The blood of one was collected in a basin, and one of the elders with a bunch of hyssop marked the doors of the tents.

METHODISM ABROAD.—The sessions of the four important foreign Methodist conferences have been held, and the statistical returns show a general increase every-where. The Sixtieth Primitive Methodist Conference convened at Leeds, and reported 182,877 members. The French Wesleyans met at Lausanne, where lay delegates attended for the first time. The Methodist New Connection held its eighty-third Conference at Huddersfield, England, and with a membership of 26,688 there came a report of an increase of 17 chapels, 10 circuit preachers, 10 societies, and 1,876 Sunday-school scholars. The Irish Wesleyans met at Belfast in the one hundred and tenth conference, and it was the largest ever held in Ireland.

EVANGELISTIC LABORS IN FRANCE.—Truth is stranger than fiction is a saying once more verified in the marvelous work wrought by Robert McCall among the French in their own country, and especially in their capital. Recently, at one of those monthly united meetings which the English-speaking congregations of Paris are now accustomed to hold at the suggestion of McCall, this good man gave an account of the progress of his work. During the year, 50 French pastors had paid 1,200 visits to his 23 Paris stations. These stations have increased to 30, and in all France there are about 70 of such places, nearly half of which were started in the year 1879.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHOIRS IN ENGLAND.—This is one of the latest novelties in Sunday-school work, and not a bad idea either. It also promises to be a success, for very recently the seventh festival of the Sunday-school Choir was celebrated in London, and was partici-

panied in by one hundred and thirty choirs counting five thousand voices. The only purpose of these choral organizations, which are strictly undenominational, is improvement of Sunday-school children in devotional singing.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—What Roman authority can do in Belgium is apparent in the resignation of one-seventh of all Belgian school-teachers, 2,472 pedagogues preferring to want for bread temporal rather than lose that spiritual bread which the successor of St. Peter deals out through his representatives in Belgium. Strange things for our vaunted nineteenth century advancement!

—What a worker that London Spurgeon is! Unable to stand up in his pulpit, he insists upon preaching with one knee resting upon a chair. He surely is not a man who believes in rusting out. What will London do when Spurgeon shall no longer be able to enter the pulpit? How many thousands of souls will miss his stimulus and companionship when gone must.

—In the death of Bishop Emil Ado Schweinitz the Moravians have sustained a very great loss indeed. He was only sixty-three years old.

—The Episcopalians are astir. There has been a quickening of the dry bones, and religious fervor is decidedly on the gain. In the Diocese of Illinois Bishop McLaren referred in his pastoral address to the laxity of morals and atheism which exist, and said one cause was to be found in the teachings of "smooth-tongued pulpit orators who have rung the

changes on the word 'love' until they have given the idea that God can not discriminate between right and wrong." The Diocesan Convention of Kentucky condemned fairs and festivals and concerts to raise money for Church purposes, and gave special condemnation to "the practice, of which it has heard with pain, of such festivals, held with the unseemly addition of dancing, and often the sinful accompaniment of gambling."

—A company of "Old Believers," a dissenting sect of Russia, has been condemned to two months' imprisonment for building a church. This is liberty of conscience in the great empire of Eastern Europe!

—So we are to have an Old Catholic congregation in the States finally! *On dit* the Rev. T. A. Vandey is about to organize one in New Orleans, where a number of Catholics stand ready to forsake the Church of the Infallibles.

—The American Board of Foreign Missions is indignant against Austrian intolerance as exhibited in Prague. They say that "two neighbors can not read the Bible together," so severe are the rules against evangelical efforts. Even social conversation on religious topics is interfered with by the police. No wonder thinking minds plot against such a government.

—Apropos of M'Call's work in France is the effort of Dr. Somerville, the Scottish evangelist. At Nîmes and other places which he has visited he has stirred the people wonderfully. Regular missions are being established as an immediate result.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

WEDDING RINGS.—From very early ages a peculiar charm appears to have been connected with the ring. Without beginning or end, it has long been regarded as an emblem of eternity, and also of the strength and perpetuity of affection. The fourth finger of the left hand has long been considered sacred, and hence has been consecrated to wear the wedding ring. The Greeks and Romans were so fully convinced of the intrinsic value attached to this finger that it was called the medical or

healing finger. Their various medical preparations were stirred with it in place of a spoon, it being supposed that should any noxious ingredients be included in the cup, warning of the fact would immediately be given by a palpitation of the heart. In some remote country places in England this superstition is still firmly believed in. The other fingers are thought to possess a certain power of evil, but a wound or sore stroked by the wedding finger is expected by them in a

short time to disappear; and the wedding ring itself is by many supposed to have the same effect. The rings used by the Jews at their marriage ceremonies were sometimes very large in size and elaborate in design. The Jewish law demanded, too, that they should be of a certain value, and to prove this to be the case, they were before the ceremony submitted to an examination. It was a rule also that the bridegroom should purchase the ring out of his own private resources, and not obtain it either on credit or as a gift from a friend. And after the ring had been placed on the bride's finger, the marriage was considered then, as it is now, to be irrevocably binding. Among the fishermen on the west coast of Ireland the wedding ring is kept as an heir-loom in the family, and is considered the property of the eldest married daughter. Consequently many of the wedding rings still worn by the fish-wives in that district are quite old and of exceedingly ancient design, being manufactured as far back as the Elizabethan era. In the sixteenth century both marriage and betrothal rings were made with a motto or posy inscribed inside, and to these Shakespeare in two or three of his plays refers.

THE STORY OF EVE'S CHILDREN.—Hans Sachs surpasses himself in the story of "Eve's Unlike Children," the best known and most delicious of all his productions. Adam and Eve, cast out of Paradise, sit wearied and depressed with their day's work. Adam, trying to comfort his wife, mentions, in off-hand fashion, how an angel has just given him a piece of news. God will visit them to-morrow to hold high feast (*hohe Fest*), and see how they are keeping house and bringing up the children. Therefore, let Eve sweep the rooms, spread the floors with sweet straw, wash the children, and dress them in their best. The first part of the injunction is easily obeyed, but not so the second, for Eve's children are sharply separated into two groups. Some are very good, pretty, and obedient; the others are bad, dirty, unruly, and deformed. Abel and those like him are soon made tidy; but Cain and his fellows are playing and quarrelling in the gutter, and finally refuse to let themselves be washed. When Abel announces who is coming, Cain replies, "I'd liefer he would

stay away." When his father bids him prepare for the prayer, sacrifice, and sermon on the morrow, the wicked child wishes that "prayer, sermon, and sacrifice had never been invented." At this Eve loses her patience, and exclaims she will leave them the eye-sores that they are, and God will find them a dirty rabble, foul as pigs. But in one version she relents, and stows them away in the loft under the straw, in the chimney. Next day the visitor comes as announced, and after a hospitable welcome asks to see the children. Those who are dressed, with Abel at their head, advance singing a psalm, and shake hands with the guest. He asks them questions out of Luther's Catechism on the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the meaning of Amen, the Commandments, with what they forbid or require, and the children come off with flying colors. Reassured by their success, Eve ventures to produce the other lot; but when they come tumbling in dirty, naked, shapeless, unkempt, God can not keep from laughing. (*Der Her tet des rostigen haufens lachen.*) They offer him their left hands, make a frightful mess of the Catechism, and excuse themselves on the plea that they don't see the use of it, that they can't remember it, that they did not know he was coming. The examiner is much displeased, and determines to punish them. They and their seed shall be mechanics, fishermen, and peasants, but Abel and the good children shall be kings, nobles, rich merchants, and professors (*Gelehrten*). Eve, in pity for her offspring, offers objections, but is told that all is for the best—only in this way can there be order in the world. Even here, then, Hans writes with an object, and with the very Lutheran one of justifying the existence of ranks. In this sense Melancthon tells the story in another version. And to any who have found it irreverent we may say with Hans himself that he has it from the Latin of Melancthon. But such an excuse is unnecessary. Even the figure of the Deity is not irreverent, but only quaint and at heart truly Protestant. Tieck characterizes him as a "strict but affable superintendent."

MORTALITY IN A GENERATION.—A writer in an English magazine studies from birth to death the march of an English generation through life, basing his observations on the

registrar's annual reports. The author singles out for illustration a generation of one million souls, and finds that of these more than one-fourth die before they reach five years of age. During the next five years the deaths number less than one-seventh of those in the first five. From ten to fifteen or twenty the number of deaths increases again, especially among women. At this period, too, the influence of dangerous occupations begins to be seen in the death rate. Consumption is prevalent and fatal from twenty to forty-five, and is responsible for nearly half the deaths. From thirty-five to forty-five many persons succumb to disease of the important internal organs. By fifty-five the million is but 421,115; at seventy-five, 181,124; at eighty-five, 38,565; and only 202 reach the age of one hundred. And the moral of it all is, "We can't live always."

TELEGRAPHY FOR EVERY BODY.—In a recent number of *La Nature*, G. S. Carpi says he has devised an apparatus by means of which any one can transmit or decipher telegrams, using the Morse system, without previous study. It is designed for use only in exceptional cases, and, indeed, can not supersede the necessity of skilled operators. The apparatus consists of a square piece of card-board, having a number of openings parallel to each other and to the sides of the card-board, so that, passing underneath a thin sheet of metal, the surface shows so many metallic rectangles, separated from each other by equal intervals, one for every sign required in telegraphy. Thus the letter A would be represented by a short metallic rectangle, followed by a longer one, the letter itself being clearly written to the left of the sign. Of the four compartments of the board two are occupied by the alphabet, one by the stops, and one by the ciphers. To send messages by means of this board a fork is used, composed of two conducting wires, insulated from each other, inclosed in a glass tube, to the ends of which they are fastened. At one end the tube terminates in two tongues of elastic metal, parallel to each other, at a distance of about two millimetres, and communicating respectively with the two wires within the tube. These latter are also attached to two other insulated and very flexible wires, which communicate with Nos. 1 and 3 of the

key-board, so that the two tongues form the ends of an open circuit, which will be closed every time that an arc of conductivity is formed from the one to the other. If the fork is drawn with a certain degree of uniformity over the various series of metallic plates there will result such and so many completions and interruptions of the circuit as to form the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. To enable non-experts to read messages received he simply arranges the letters of the Morse alphabet on a card in groups according to the number of signs in their composition, and thus diminishes the labor of search.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.—The following unsophisticated production, selected from a "History of Advertising," written by M. Sampson, may prove amusing. From a Spanish paper is gathered the following:

"This morning our Savior summoned away the jeweler, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow.—His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga. P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Lessi de Teinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

It is impossible to avoid admiring the adroitness with which the disconsolate widow continues mourning and money-making, and takes the opportunity of giving a rap at the heartless landlord.

HOW SCORPIONS DESTROY THEMSELVES.—Dr. Allen Thomson, of London, gives the following account of the scorpion committing suicide by means of its own poison: While residing, many years ago, during the Summer months, at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in a somewhat damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much annoyed by the frequent intrusion of small, black scorpions into the house and their being secreted among the bed-clothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It thus became necessary to be constantly on the watch for

these troublesome creatures, and to take means for their removal and destruction. Having been informed by the natives of the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted, when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times. This state having lasted for a minute or more the animal suddenly became quiet, and turning its tail or hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and piercing it forcibly in a few seconds became quite motionless, and in fact quite dead.

WHY SHAKESPEARE WAS FORTUNATE.—It is curious to reflect that if Shakespeare had lived out his legitimate allowance of three

score years and ten he might have witnessed the production not only of the first but of nearly all of the best works of his school; had his life been prolonged for ten years more he would have witnessed its final extinction. Within these narrow limits of time the drama had undergone a change corresponding to the change in the national mood. The differences, for example, between Marlowe and Massinger at the opening and closing of the period—though their births were separated by only twenty years—corresponds to the difference between the temper of the generation which repelled the Armada and the temper of the generation which fretted under the rule of the first Stuarts. The misnomer of Elizabethan, as applied to the whole school, indicates an implicit perception that its greater achievements were due to the same impulse which took for its outward and visible symbol the name of the great queen. But it has led also to writers being too summarily classed together who really represent very different phases in a remarkable evolution. After making all allowances for personal idiosyncrasies we can still see how profoundly the work of Massinger is colored by the prominent sentiment of the later epoch.

LITERATURE.

It is a matter of good omen that no insignificant share of modern scholarship is freely given to the elucidation of Scriptural subjects. As the result of this we have a variety of scholarly monographs, some of them in the form of studies of the lives and characters of persons, often the most eminent in the annals of the Church. Thus there have been produced, within the comparatively recent past, a great many lives of Christ,—some of them indeed of little worth, but others among the very best contributions to contemporary Christian literature. So, too, the history of St. Paul, his works and writings, his character and his place in the planting of the Church and the development of Christian doctrine, have lately received a marked share of attention, greatly to the enriching of this department of learning. The unprecedented wealth of learn-

ing embodied in the great work of Conybeare and Howson, and in the scarcely inferior production of Mr. Thomas Lewin, might have seemed to preclude any thing further on the subject; but now again we find this theme discussed at length, and with an unstinted expenditure of learned labors, by one already known and recognized as scarcely inferior to any other in New Testament learning. Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" has been received by the Church, and indeed by all who are capable of a proper appreciation of such a work, as a real classic in modern Christian literature; and now we have from the same high source an elaborate discussion of *The Life and Work of St. Paul*.* To this work, which must have

*THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ST. PAUL. By F. W. FARRAR, D. D., Canon of Westminster. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. 678 and 668.

been upon its author's hands during a long series of years, he evidently brought a mind richly stored with all requisite learning, both general and specific, and habits of discriminating and deciding in difficult cases, and especially a heart in earnest sympathy with his theme, by which he was fitted justly to appreciate the real excellences of his illustrious subject. As the result of all these things, so combined and brought to bear upon his theme, we have a monograph of very great value, treating its subject with wonderful ability, and presenting and discussing its various details and its aggregate unity with great force and fullness.

The place which Canon Farrar occupies among theological and Biblical writers was already pretty well determined by his "Life of Christ," and also by certain minor productions, some of which for a variety of reasons have made no little stir in the world. As a theologian he is evidently "broad," but without being loose; and though his orthodoxy may be called in question in respect to certain speculative points, yet he is confessed to be eminently sound on all those great and essential points which have been universally accepted in all evangelical Christendom. As a Biblical scholar and critic he is evidently very thoroughly learned, and therefore both liberal and yet conservative of the great truths of revealed religion. Holding firmly to the supernatural in religion and to the doctrine of the inspiration of the Bible, he is not blind to the natural side of religion as taught and experienced among men, nor to the human element in the Holy Scriptures, thus leaving room for, and demanding the use of, reason and scholarship in their interpretation. These views seem to have guided him in the prosecution of his work, and to have determined its character.

This discussion of "The Life and Works of St. Paul" is at once a life-story, a history of the early Church, and a commentary on the Pauline epistles, from which category, as might be anticipated, is excluded the Epistle to the Hebrews. He is by no means an indiscriminating admirer of his great subject, and especially in respect to his merely literary eminence he places the great apostle somewhat lower than some others have done. And yet he assigns him a high place among the great

men of the world, and especially concedes his super-eminence in developing and setting in order the great doctrines of the Gospel, in opposition to Jewish ritualism and literalism on the one hand, and to the vain rationalizing of the effete philosophies of the Greeks on the other. To him more than to any other was given the high honor of bringing the Church out of the bondage of Pharisaism, and of guarding it against the vain philosophies of the age, and so leading it into the liberty and the spirituality which belong only to itself. The intelligent Christian reader, while probably he will decidedly dissent from some things in these volumes, will not fail to find very much in them to elevate his estimate of their wonderful subject, and to both inform his understanding and warm his heart.

ALL history is largely biographical, and all Church history, because of the predominance of the subjective elements in the Christian religion, must be especially so; and though a series of biographies must form only a fragmentary history of the universal Church, yet this defect is very largely compensated for by the clearer and more definite settings given to the things related by their incorporation into individual and personal life-stories; and this consideration shows the value of collected volumes of Christian biographies. A very good specimen of this class is just now given to American readers by Rev. Dr. H. M. Maccracken, of Toledo, Ohio, and through the publishing house of Phillips & Hunt, Methodist Book Agents at New York, comprising a hundred and twenty-five sketches of *Leaders of the Church Universal*,* beginning with Symeon of Jerusalem, in the earliest post-apostolical times, with a succession made up of Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Polycarp, and Origen, and still later "fathers," coming down by the usual highway of Church history to Augustine—over a hundred in all. The second period, reaching from about A. D. 400 to 1000, is devoted to European and alpine subjects, and among its eighty names are those of St. Pat-

* LIVES OF THE LEADERS OF OUR CHURCH UNIVERSAL, from the days of the successors of the apostles to the present time. The lives by European writers from the German, as edited by Dr. Ferdinand Piper, now translated into English and edited with added lives by American writers. By Henry Mitchell Maccracken, D. D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 8vo. Pp. 874.

rick and Columba, Austin of England, Alenin of France, Boniface of Germany, and Cyril of Slavonia. Among the "Great Mediæval Doctors" are named Anselm and Bernard, Thomas Aquinas and St. Louis; and their contemporaries, Waldo of France, Wiclif, Huss, and Savonarola. Of the "Reformation" period are Luther and Melancthon, Hans Sachs and Ursinus, Zwingle and Ecclampadius, Olaf Peterson, Farel, Calvin, Beza, and Coligny on the Continent, with Cranmer and Ridley in England, and Hamilton, Wishart, and John Knox in Scotland. Among the European names for the last three centuries are those of Gustavus Adolphus, Paul Gerhardt, Spiner, Francke, Bengel, and Zinzendorf; Ribaut, Roussel, and Oberlin; Guthrie and MacKail, Baxter, Wesley, Wilberforce, and Elizabeth Fry. Thus far the book is chiefly a translation from the German of Dr. Ferdinand Piper, while the following more than three hundred pages are filled with original matter devoted to American subjects, extending from Brewster of the colonial times to Dr. Hodge and Adoniram Judson.

The theological and ecclesiastical stand-point of the work is that of evangelical Protestantism, and both the selection of subjects and the manner of treating them, and the presentation of the various questions with which they were identified are influenced by that fact, though within this qualification, the largest catholicity is every-where displayed. The selection of modern subjects, and especially those for this country, was manifestly a difficult and delicate task; and its performance is perhaps as satisfactory as the case would allow. In all such cases of inclusive selection there must of necessity be much larger omissions of those who might seem to have equal or greater claims to recognition. The Methodist names found in this part are those of Bishops Asbury and M'Kendree, and Dr. Wilbur Fisk—all good selections, though the lives of the two bishops cover nearly the same field. When personally consulted on the subject we gave the names of Dr. Nathan Bangs and Peter Cartwright as representatives severally of Eastern and Western Methodism during the first half of the present century; but the limits of the work forbade the use of these and many others quite worthy of a place.

As a whole the book is valuable as to its

matter, and very readable. It is a decidedly good book for non-professional readers, and specially suited for a place in the Christian family library.

"THE conflicts of science and religion" is a phrase in which learned conceit has often embodied its self-complacent superficialness, and the "harmony of science and religion" is the style of the superserviceable offices of certain well-disposed persons who seem to think that the whole system of Christianity exists by the favor of rational science. It is better, however, to turn away from both of these, and to accept the truth that science clearly demonstrates, and in its light examine the data of revelation. This is the course taken in the recently published work which we have read with much satisfaction.* The animus of the book is pretty accurately set forth in a single sentence of the author's preface, "I would read the old faiths, *which I still believe*, in the light of modern thought, *to which I can not be blind*." It is no doubt true that many of the fancies of the traditional beliefs—mere excrescence upon the system of biblical truths—must be cast off in the growth of biblical learning, and of a more spiritual faith, but the truth itself will remain intact. The author attempts a kind of philosophical explanation and proof of this species of intellectual and spiritual "development," which, while it is suggestive and often helpful, is by his method somewhat injured by too closely copying the German forms of discussion, which is certainly not so well adapted to English and American readers as the more natural methods of their own countrymen. The title of the book is happily chosen; the truths of religion are as old as the race of man, but each epoch of human progress presents them in new lights. It is vastly important to hold fast the substance, but it is more than permissible to hold very loosely to all besides.

WHEN a writer for the periodical press has succeeded in putting his or her best thoughts into a variety of articles, which publishers have accepted with evident pleasure and used without much delay; and when such a writer has been complimented by friends, and the said

* OLD TRUTHS IN NEW LIGHTS. By Newman Smyth, author of "The Religious Feeling." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo. Pp. 391. \$1.50.

articles have been spoken of as of a high order of merit and quite too valuable to be allowed to perish with the ephemeral sheets in which they appeared, then the temptation to "make a book" becomes especially strong, and oftentimes quite effectual in producing the course of action indicated. Now all these things have happened to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and the tangible outcome is in hand—a plump little book,* crammed full of things new and old, especially the old, of hashed meats and old clothes "amaist as good 's the new." In her very brief and eminently characteristic prefatory "note" the author tells the reader what many of them might have known without the telling, that "many of these stories are reprinted from *Harper's Monthly*, the *New York Independent*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*." But as literary productions they are altogether worthy of the more permanent setting here given them. Miss Phelps is an able and spirited writer, and though not entirely destitute of the acridity of temper that characterizes most of our "strong-minded women," yet hers is relatively a mild type of that kind of *rabies*. *Æsthetically* she is thoroughly individualized and pronounced in her utterances. Socially she has decided convictions, which, if made practical, would work some changes in the social and political estates, but whether for better or worse may be an open question. Theologically she is a negative quantity. Her confession, should she attempt to make one, would be just the opposite of a *credo*, for certainly she doubts very many things that others believe, but whether she believes any thing herself is uncertain. Such writers mingling their works with the quasi-religious literature of the times are pretty sure to find readers, just as preachers of heresy in orthodox pulpits are sure to have hearers, while sailing under their own flag they are usually left to themselves; and those and these are alike to be appreciated according to what they are. The title is simply that of the first piece, and not at all descriptive of the rest of the book.

VERY great improvements have been made in the appliances and helps for the study of

the classics during the life-time of the older half of the now living generation, who learned to read their Latin with the help of Adam's Grammar and Ainsworth's or Schrevellius's Dictionary; and it is especially noteworthy that these improvements are largely the work of American scholars. Some thirty years ago Dr. Freund's great Latin-German Lexicon was brought out by Harper & Brothers in an English translation, thoroughly edited, and, indeed, to some extent reproduced, by Dr. E. A. Andrews, which has been very extensively used, both in this country and in England, and it has thus served as a standard authority for a whole generation of scholars. Fifteen years ago a revision of the original work was undertaken by its author (Dr. Freund), but it was prosecuted by him to only a limited extent, when the work fell into the hands of Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, New York—at first the pupil, then the assistant, and finally the successor, of Professor Anthon—by whom the whole work was thoroughly reconstructed and largely rewritten. But as there yet remained many details to be examined and adjusted, for which Dr. Drisler could not command the necessary leisure, the completion of the work and its conduct through the press was committed to the editors named on the title-page of the present edition, Professor Charlton T. Lewis and Dr. Charles Short, of Columbia College. The completed work,* as now given to the public, is a prodigy of learning, and an unrivaled specimen of scholarly accuracy and completeness. Mr. Lewis probably has few equals as a thorough Latinist, with equal learning and facility of writing in his own vernacular—the last no unimportant consideration in the preparation of educational works. In respect to a matter which, though often but little thought of, is really of great practical consideration, the avoidance of errors of the press, assurance is made to the public by the announcement that "through the patient skill of the proof-reader, Mr. George W. Colford, exceptional accuracy in this respect has, we believe, been attained." We congratulate

* SEALED ORDERS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 12mo. Pp. 345.

* HARPER'S LATIN DICTIONARY. A new Latin dictionary. Founded on the translation of Freund's Latin-German Lexicon, edited by E. A. Andrews, LL. D. Revised, enlarged, and in great part re-written. By Charlton T. Lewis and Charles Short, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Imperial octavo. Pp. 2,019.

all who shall hereafter be called either to study or to teach the language of imperial Rome that their way is so well prepared before them.

It is sometimes objected, and not without good reasons, that books of practical instruction fail of their purpose because they assume too much for those to whom they are addressed. Our learned treatises on "Homiletics" and elaborate "Lectures on Preaching"—*et omne id genus*—may all be very well in the places for which they are designed, but for some of those who are called to "labor in word and doctrine" they are not all that is needed. Believing all this, our old friend, Dr. James Porter, who is grandly attesting the promise about "bringing forth fruit in old age," has prepared a book* about preaching for "self-educated ministers," which phrase is, perhaps, a euphemism for *uneducated* preachers. It is really a treatise, discussing both the theory and practice of preaching, with special adaptation to the Methodist ministry, both traveling and local, including "exhorters," and giving hints and suggestions respecting the manner of "behaving one's self in the house of God," to which hints not a few might profitably give earnest heed. There are also some good suggestions about prayer-meetings, which some eminent ministers confess they do not know how to manage, and they demonstrate the truth of their confession by their works. But the Methodist minister who fails at this important point is himself a failure. A sensible man once remarked that he liked for his own reading books for the young and the children's department in the newspapers, for they taught him something; and it may be suspected that not a few such will prefer Dr. Porter's book to more pretentious ones for the same reasons. We give below its fearfully long title, which is the most formidable page of the whole book.

MERLE D' AUBIGNÉ's history of the times of Calvin is now complete,—the seventh and last volume has recently been given to the

* HINTS TO SELF-EDUCATED MINISTERS, including local preachers and exhorters, and other Christians whose duty it may be to speak more or less in public. By James Porter, D. D., author of "Compendium of Methodism," etc., etc. With an Introduction by Bishop William L. Harris, D. D., LL. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 300.

American public, by the Carters. At the time of the decease of its author only five volumes had been published, but it was then understood that the work was substantially finished, and that another volume, soon to be issued, would complete it.* But the editor found, on examination, that it would be impossible to compress the whole matter into a single volume, and the event has proved that two full-sized ones were necessary. The public has reason to render thanks to the editor and publisher of this great work, whose intrinsic value is not diminished by the fact that it is written by one who had more than a historian's interest in the things that he detailed. Dr. Merle D' Aubigné was an earnest admirer of the character and work of his great subject, and so long and earnestly had he dwelt upon the subject of the men and events of the Reformation, that he said of himself that he lived in the sixteenth century rather than the nineteenth, and thought and felt like a man of that time. All this gave him a peculiar fitness for his work, though it also leaves something for each reader to do, in bringing those times into living contact with our own. The work, as a whole, is a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history.

MEDICAL electricity is not a new subject, neither in the profession nor in literature;—nor yet is it a subject so thoroughly understood that nothing more is to be said about it. In truth, probably, it may be said of this as of most other departments of the healing art, that it has scarcely gotten beyond the empirical stage,—in which the practitioner must treat symptoms, and await results. Dr. A. D. Rockwell (46 East Thirty-first Street, New York), has been for some years practicing in this specialty, using all available lights from the experience and deductions of the past, and carefully feeling his way forward; and judging from the records of his practice, given in a brochure filled with condensed reports of cases (99 pages), it would seem that his efforts have, in a good many cases, been attended with eminent success. As we belong to the laity in this

* HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE, in the time of Calvin. By the Rev. Merle D' Aubigné, D. D. Translated by William L. R. Cates. Vol. VII. Geneva, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia, The Netherlands. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 576.

department, we would speak modestly, but may say that, to our seeming, there is something quite worthy to be considered in respect to the medical use of electricity, including galvanism, and Faradayism, in the treatment of a variety of forms of disease, especially those of the nervous system.

REV. B. WEED GORHAM, of the North-west Iowa Conference, has issued, through the Western Methodist Book Concern (Cincinnati, Hitchcock & Walden), a 16mo volume of 281 pages, with the title, *God's Method with Man*, and for a second title he calls his book, "Sacred Scenes along the Path of Heaven." It is a condensed system of Theo-anthropology,—so much of the general science of theology as has man for its special subject. It is a good book, only that it is unnecessarily polemical and controversial, which causes it to appear opinionated and one-sided. Five of its twenty-three chapters are directly devoted to "Entire Sanctification," and nearly all of them have a leaning in that direction. It contains much that is good, and no doubt it will be appreciated by not a few.

DR. ALEXANDER FLETCHER'S GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION* has proved an inestimable blessing in numberless Christian households. Like à Kempis, and "the Christian Pattern," and the "Saint's Rest," it has been printed in numerous editions, of all sizes, from the little hand-book to large and sumptuously bound octavos. Just now, the Carters are bringing out a new and very fine edition, a large quarto, fine paper, beautifully printed, and illustrated with fine steel engravings, and, at least some of the copies, are put up in fine binding and gilt, making altogether a sumptuous volume.

Quite independent of all questions about the relative excellence of written or extempore prayers, such a volume has its value as a manual for private devotional reading. The Scripture lessons and the brief expositions are usually to the point; are well chosen,—the hymns (mostly Watts's), are admirably adapted

to awaken devotional feelings, and the prayers are full of devout confessions, and earnest supplications—perhaps rather deficient in respect to assurance. Whoever will make this noble volume their daily companion, devoutly going over the whole matter in order, will not fail to profit by the exercise. The book would make a very good Christmas present to a Christian friend.

THE practice of telling in familiar words and styles the stories of the Bible—for the benefit of young people—perhaps some no longer children might be both pleased and profited by reading them—is not new, nor yet is it likely to grow old. A volume* made up of twenty such, extending from that of Cain and Abel, down through the Old and New Testament times, is now before us, prepared for his own young people by an English minister. The book is a decidedly good one, and will do good.

ITALY is a most interesting country, quite as much so in its history as in its soil and climate, and its cities and monuments,—and beyond all else in its religious history, in which the name of Savonarola is the chief central figure. A book covering the period in which he lived, and telling of his doings, written in an animated and picturesque style, can not fail to be acceptable. Such a one we find, in the volume whose title is annexed.†

RELIGIOUS stories have become a prevalent form of literature, and of course the press teems with books of that kind. Whether this is for the better or the worse may be an open question, but not so as to the fact itself, which is already fully determined. In favor of this proceeding it may be said that people will read fiction, and therefore it is best to supply them with books of unexceptionable moral and religious character; to which somebody else may reply that a good many people will read such books as come to them with a guarantee of their harmlessness, and within this limitation the lightest and least instructive will often be preferred. And so the religious novel may

*A GUIDE TO FAMILY DEVOTION, containing a Hymn, a portion of Scripture with Reflections, and a Prayer, for the morning and evening of every day in the year. With an Appendix of Prayers and Hymns on various subjects. By the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Quarto. Pp. 776.

*BIBLE CHILDREN; Studies for the Young. By the Rev. James Wells, M. A. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 262.

†TIMES BEFORE THE REFORMATION, with an account of Savonarola, the Friar of Florence. By William Dinwiddie, LL. B. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 331.

promote light reading where otherwise a better kind of books would be used. Among the most prolific of our publishers of this class of works is the old and intensely conservative house of Robert Carter & Brothers, whose imprint has been accepted as a pledge of the safe character of any book that may bear it. Among their late issues we notice *Lady Sybil's Choice*, a story of the Crusades, by Emily Sarah Holt; and *Was I Right?* by Mrs. O. F. Walton—both good of their kind. Better than these are the two little square volumes, *Mamma's Bible Stories*, and *Sequel to Bible Stories*, by the author of "Fanny and her Mamma." The adaptation of Biblical narratives, to the minds of children is well done, while externally the books are beautiful.

It is pleasant to read after a critical writer who is on good terms at once with his subjects and himself; even a little egotism and self-conceit are in such a case not altogether intolerable. Such an instance we have in Peter Bayne's book of strictures on Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin, reproduced with corrections and enlargements from articles originally published in the *Literary World*.^{*} The writer very gracefully sits down at the feet of his "masters," but does not hesitate, when called to it, to dissent from their opinions and judgments, and to give his reasons for so doing. His book is decidedly readable, gossipy, perhaps sometimes *fussy*, like its author, but still interesting, and to a degree instructive. For occasional and leisurely reading, and as a substitute for the over-abundant fictitious productions of the press, the book is quite worthy of commendation. It is put up in decidedly good style.

THE progress of practical science, and the wide range of subjects over which it is spreading itself, are such as only special adepts can hope to keep up with. The *Telephone*, the latest scientific contribution to practical, everyday affairs, is now demanding the attention of all who would not willingly fall behind the progress of the times. For such, a valuable help is now offered in the comprehensive, yet not over-full presentation of this whole subject in the work just translated from the French

of the Count du Moncel, and issued by the Harpers.[†] It is written in a clear and plain style, and with as few merely technical terms and statements as the subject would allow, and the whole is finely illustrated by the accompanying cuts. The translation is well made—much more than simply rendering French words and phrases into English—really a reproduction of the author's thoughts in good and pure English language. Altogether it is a decidedly satisfactory work, for any who may desire to thoroughly post himself in the subject.

WITHIN a few years past the Methodist Book Concern published a series of volumes, half-way between history and fiction, somewhat after the fashion of the Schonberg-Cotta books, but of rather more modest pretensions, written by Emma Leslie. They were entitled, severally, "Ayesha," "Flavin," "Glaucia," "Leofwine, the Saxon," "Elfrida," and "Quadratus." They have been well received by the public and largely called for; and, so encouraged, both the fair author and the publishers were prepared for still further ventures in the same line. Accordingly they now send forth a large installment of a new series—three volumes, severally entitled "*Margarethe*," "A Tale of the Sixteenth Century," "*Conrad*," "A Tale of Wielif and Bohemia; and "*Cecily*," "A Tale of the English Reformation. They are sprightly and well-written books, generally correct in the use of historical facts and events, favoring the Protestant cause at all controverted points, and calculated to promote a cheerful tone of religious life. But, like all books of their class, they make a sad mixing of facts and fiction, which the reader may need some day to divide asunder. The publishers (Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York) have brought them out in superb style. On sale also by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati. 12mo. Pp. 324, 293, and 324. \$1.50 per volume.

STILL more story books from the official Methodist press. No doubt they pay, and perhaps they do some good, but surely there may really be too much of this kind of good

^{*}LESSONS FROM MY MASTERS—Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. By Peter Bayne, LL. D., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 449.

THE TELEPHONE, THE MICROPHONE, AND THE PHONOGRAPH. By Count du Moncel, Membre de l'Institut. Authorized translation, with additions and corrections by the author, with seventy illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 277.

things. These two are entitled, severally, "*The Young Folks of Renfrew*," by Miss Ellen M. Tannehill, [A. M.!]—(a line interjected in the title-page gives the information that it is "in the interest of the missionary cause,")—and "*Mordecai's Tenants*," by Mrs. A. D. Walker. These are decidedly clever stories, with a religious bearing, but not especially calculated to enlarge the reader's understanding of realities. They are well printed, and have some fairly good illustrations. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 18mo. Pp. 229 and 142.

THE Scribners have published, in a square 16mo volume of 178 pages, *Friar Anselmo and Other Poems*, by Julia C. R. Dorr. Many of the pieces have already been seen and read by the public, they having appeared in various periodicals. This collection of poems is much above the average of its class in poetical merits. It makes a decidedly good appearance.

THE Carters have brought out, in a miniature volume, an illustrated edition of Gray's *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard*—a wood-cut to each stanza; and with the other chief poems of the author appended, not illustrated. It is really a fine little book, both in style and matter.

Empty Churches and How to Fill them, by Rev. J. Benson Hamilton (of Boston), is a stiff-paper covered duodecimo of one hundred and four pages, treating of a confessed though lamentable fact, and proposing remedies which might or might not succeed, if tried. It unquestionably makes some very good suggestions. Phillips & Hunt. 25 cents.

R. WORTHINGTON, 750 Broadway, New York, announces *Aunt Charlotte's Nursery Book*, a holiday gift for young children. It is printed on extra thick paper, with full page illustrations of unusual clearness of design and execution. The letter-press, beginning with rhymes to impress the letters of the alphabet, and including simple stories and poems, is calculated to afford little folks a constant fund of entertainment. It has several cuts which will make it specially appropriate for a Christmas gift, while its artistic merit has a happy influence on the taste.

THE series of "Epochs of Ancient History," edited by Rev. G. W. Cox and Charles Sankey,

of Oxford, of which six volumes have heretofore been issued by the Scribners, is justly valued as works of unusual merit. A seventh volume—*The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla*—has just now appeared;* like all its predecessors, though concise, yet comprehensive, written in pure, strong English, and as truly classic in its literary character as in its subject and as are the sources whence its matter is derived. It is a book to be studied, and yet it may be read as a recreation.

AMONG illustrated books, adapted to the holiday market, George E. Waring, Jr.'s, *Tyrol, and the Skirt of the Alps* (Harper & Brothers), deserves a favorable recognition. It is an elegant specimen of book-making, in its paper, printing, illustrations, and binding; but quite independent of these not unimportant considerations it is intrinsically valuable as a book of travels and observations, with life-like descriptions of scenes and places, and trustworthy historical and statistical information, all told in a lively, natural, and elegant style of writing. It is a capital book for stay-at-home tourists, and will tend strongly to incline its readers to become tourists in fact, as well as in fancy. Large octavo. Pp. 171.

For the little folks, the same publishers have issued *The Princess Idleways; A Fairy Tale*. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. Illustrated. Square 16mo. Pp. 124.

THE *Franklin Square Library* has for its latest issues No. 78. *The Talisman*; A Tale of the Crusaders. By Sir Walter Scott. No. 79. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. By Charles Dickens. No. 80. *Madge Dunraven; A Tale, by the author of "Queen of Connaught."* No. 81. *Young Mrs. Jardine; A Novel*. By Dinah Maria Craik. No. 83. *Cousin Henry*. By Anthony Trollope. No. 84. *Sense and Sensibility*. By Jane Austen. No. 85. *The Bertrams*. By Anthony Trollope. No. 86. *The Fugitives*. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. No. 87. *The Parson o' Bumford*. By George Manville Fenn.

Harper's Half Hour Series. No. 123. *The Sunken Rock; A Tale of the Mediterranean*. By George Cupples.

* EPOCHS OF ANCIENT HISTORY: *The Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla*. By A. H. Beesly. With Maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 18mo. Pp. 217.

Temperance Stories and Sketches—illustrated with pen and pencil, by Edward Caswell (8vo pp. 80) — is a collection of real merit, while the illustrations are of a high average. *The Pledge and the Cross*—A History of our Pledge Roll, by S. M. I. Henry (18mo pp. 259), is a little book, written in the interest of the *Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, by one of its devoted and gifted workers. It is largely made up of proofs of the value of that work, as tested by its results. It is decidedly a good book. Both of the above are from "The National Temperance Society" and Publication House, 58 Read Street, New York.

J. S. OGILVIE & Co., 29 Rose Street, New York, are issuing—much after the style of Harper's "Franklin Square Library"—*The Sunday Library*; with the promise of "A complete moral story in each number." Six num-

bers have appeared: (1.) *Nellie, the Clock-maker's Daughter.* By F. M. C. W. (2.) *Not Forsaken.* By Agnes Giberne. (3.) *Bede's Charity.* By Hesba Stretton. (4.) *Life of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.* By Rev. John Lobb, D. D. (5.) *The Young Apprentice.* By Hesba Stretton. (6.) *Sheer Off.* By A. L. O. E. The reader will detect some old acquaintances among both the titles and the authors. The general character of the works published is that of the Religious Novel,—not excepting that one which seems to be a biography. They are well printed on good paper, and sold for ten or fifteen cents each.

Dot and Her Treasures, by L. T. Meade (author of "White Lilies," "Water Gipsies," etc.), is a pleasant, amusing, and somewhat instructive book for children, somewhat of the fairy-tale kind. 18mo. Pp. 180.

EX CATHEDRA.

ABOUT FASTING.

ON two different occasions this subject has been brought into notice in the editorial department of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, in both of which the editor has, with entire sincerity, occupied the position of an inquirer. Our remarks have contemplated especially the cases of Methodist ministers, who have placed themselves under vows, to "recommend fasting or abstinence, by precept and example," and of those who, about to enter that ministry, will be required to take upon themselves that obligation. The vows taken at ordination and admission to the Conference are evidently designed to be very thorough and searching, and every thing about them indicates that the words in which they are announced are to be received in their proper and natural sense,—and also in their historical acceptance. Any special or private interpretation of their import is clearly unlawful,—and any mental reservation, on either hand, would be such a species of bad faith as comes very near to untruth. These questions, as they cover only a small part of the duties incumbent on a minister of the Gospel, must be presumed to include only the more necessary and important duties,—or convictions,—that while

other things may be left to private judgment and individual convictions of duty, these must be professed as certain and indispensable. They, therefore, admit of neither a negative nor a qualified answer. The clear and unmistakable implication is, that the questions as propounded shall receive a definite and unqualified answer in the affirmative; and from this neither the conference, nor the bishop has the right, either legally or morally, to grant a dispensation, much less to rob the question of all possible sense or meaning by referring it to the "conscience" of the individual. To our seeming the statement of the case given below entirely fails to relieve it of any of its difficulties, however fully it may exonerate the writer from all blame in the affair. Altogether it complicates these difficulties, and adds both emphasis and perplexity to the question with which the writer of the following closes his very frank and able, but to us very unsatisfactory, statement of a momentous affair.

In common with the whole body of our traveling ministers, the writer is under that vow,—for we accepted it nearly forty years ago,—and it has lost none of its force through age. Should we confess that we are living in its habitual violation, we should simply say that

we do as others are doing. Our conferences come together to perform one of its highest and most sacred functions,—constructively “after solemn fasting and prayer,”—though probably not one of those present; from the officiating bishop to the expectant candidates, has at all shortened his diet for the service; and then the bishop speaking, not for himself alone, but for the conference, and the whole Church, requires each candidate solemnly to vow to do what he himself is not doing, and which it is scarcely to be expected that he who so vows will even endeavor to do. There are, indeed, those who doubt not only the right of the Church to make this requisition, but also the fitness, not to say the lawfulness, of self-imposed austerities in religion. But still the vows are upon them,—and more than this, they are, with others, imposing the same vows upon all who come to take part in this ministry. The case is full of perplexities, and it should not be allowed to drift on indefinitely, as it is now doing. Certainly it is “better not to vow than, having done so, not to perform.” There are also yet other questions asked and answered affirmatively on these solemn occasions, as to which doubts are freely expressed, even in high places, and by authority. Is it not time that this whole matter should be thoroughly inquired into, and our forms and teachings brought more nearly into harmony? But to our friend's letter:

EDITOR NATIONAL REPOSITORY,—*Dear Brother:* A short paragraph at the end of an editorial on Lent, in the May number (1879) of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, states that at one of our recent conference sessions one of the candidates for admission into full connection, when asked the question, “Will you recommend fasting or abstinence both by precept and example?” replied that he had not been in the practice of fasting, nor was he satisfied as to its being any part of a Christian's duty. Also at the head of an article on fasting in the August number, is an editorial note making reference to the same fact, and putting into the mouth of the candidate the same reply to the Disciplinary question.

Will you kindly permit that candidate to state the precise difficulty he found in the question, and the exact words of his reply, partly in order to shield himself from being misunderstood, but more particularly to obtain your wisdom upon the point of difficulty itself?

The Discipline prescribes a certain list of studies upon which the candidate is to be examined, and a certain list of questions which he

is called upon to answer in the presence of the whole conference [presumably in the affirmative]. Having prepared myself for examination upon the authors named in the prescribed course of study, I turned my attention to the questions I must answer before the conference, with the determination to understand their meaning and scope, and to prepare such answers as would be in accord with my own conscience, without regard to what might be expected by the conference. The fear of being deemed capricious would have deterred me from such a course, had I not borne in mind, as your article expresses it, that these questions would “be asked with so much emphasis among circumstances so grave and solemn as surround one assuming the vows of the Christian ministry.”

Arrived in my preparation at the question upon fasting, it was plainly my duty to ascertain *what* the question enjoined. I studied the history of fasting as fully as my limited opportunities would allow, sounded my presiding elder thoroughly upon the subject, taxed my memory to recall the practice of the five important Churches in four different conferences of which I had been a member previous to entering the ministry; and, at the end, found myself still anxiously mooting the question with which your editorial closes, “What are the covenanted obligations of a Methodist minister respecting fasting or abstinence?” At length, I was reminded of the canon about interpreting Scripture by Scripture, and resolved to interpret the Discipline by the Discipline.

I found four paragraphs in the Discipline which enjoined fasting, as follows:

¶ 34. “It is expected of all who desire to continue in these societies that they should continue to evidence their desire of salvation:—*Thirdly*, By attending upon all the ordinances of God; such are,—(6) Fasting or abstinence.”

¶ 119. The Instituted (means of grace) are:—*24. Fasting*: “Do you use as much abstinence and fasting every week as your health, strength, and labor will permit?”

¶ 149. “In receiving a preacher at the conference into full connection, ‘after solemn fasting and prayer,’ every person proposed shall be asked, before the conference, the following questions, namely:—(17) Will you recommend fasting or abstinence, both by precept and example?”

¶ 176. “It shall be the further duty of the preacher in charge:—*210*. He shall take care that a fast be held in every society in his circuit on the Friday preceding every quarterly-meeting, and that a memorandum of it be written on all the class papers.”

I was satisfied that whatever is enjoined by these four paragraphs is certainly among the covenanted obligations of every Methodist min-

ister who answers without qualification "I will" to the Disciplinary question upon fasting. Inspecting these articles closely, I found that the *first* simply enjoined the general duty of fasting, and must be interpreted by the other three; that the *second* fixed two points of this duty for the Methodist minister: (1) frequency, "every week," (2) amount, "as much as health, strength, and labor permit;" that the third and fourth named two special occasions for fasting: (1) The conference must fast before asking, and the candidate before answering the Disciplinary questions, (2) every society must fast on the Friday preceding every quarterly conference.

From all that I had observed, or could learn by inquiry, I was satisfied that I had never seen but one minister who claimed to fast every week, and he was so far from fasting as much as health, strength, and labor would permit, as to interpret fasting or abstinence to mean ordinary temperance; that neither the bishop nor the conference would fast before putting the disciplinary questions to the candidates, nor would any of the candidates fast before appearing to answer them; and that few [if any] preachers-in-charge of Methodist Churches take care that a "fast is held in their societies on the Friday preceding every quarterly-meeting."

Finding then the practice of the Methodist ministry so directly at variance with what is enjoined by the Discipline concerning fasting, I could see nothing but a choice between two evils before me, in case I responded the unqualified "I will" to the disciplinary question: (1) attempt to observe the injunctions of the Discipline, in opposition to well-nigh universal custom, or (2) violate the instructions of the Discipline after promising to obey them. Having, therefore, determined beforehand that I would qualify my answer, when the bishop asked the candidates in the presence of the conference, "Will you recommend fasting or abstinence both by precept and example?" I replied, "I should prefer not to answer that question." Instantly, the bishop modified the question by adding the clause, "as your conscience directs;" to which I responded a prompt and hearty "I will." Further explanation of my objection to the question being called for by some members of the conference, I stated that I understood the question to enjoin such observance of fasting as the Discipline contemplated; that I had never seen it carried out in any society of which I had been a member, and despaired of being able to do so myself; that in fact I was at that very moment one party (the bishop and the conference being the other party, of course) to a breach of the disciplinary requirement concerning fasting. Admitting the force of this last objection, the bishop turned back a single page in his Discipline, and read the heading of

the very paragraph under which this question occurs, as follows:

¶ 149. "In receiving a preacher at the conference into full connection, after *solemn fasting* and prayer, every person proposed shall be asked, etc."

Then the bishop gave it as his opinion that this injunction, to fast before the putting of the disciplinary questions, applies not only to the candidates but also to the bishop and the entire conference.

Here the matter ended; and I believe it was generally admitted that my objection was well taken, and the bishop's modification of the question entirely warrantable.

[The objection was indeed well taken; but the "modification" seemed to some who heard it to be very far from "warranted."—Ed. N. R.]

This is an exact statement of the affair as it occurred. I did not declare, nor did I intend to imply that I had not been in the practice of fasting, and was not satisfied as to its being any part of a Christian's duty,—such a declaration would have been false in both parts.

But, as I stated at first, I am less solicitous to correct your unconscious misrepresentation of my language, than I am to get my objection clearly before your mind, and in all sincerity inquire, "What, then, are the covenanted obligations of a Methodist minister respecting fasting or abstinence?"

CANDIDATE.

OUR MISSIONARY WORK.

At the usual season, in November last, the General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church came together at their rooms, 805 Broadway, New York, to discharge their high duties for the year, which duties are, chiefly, to arrange the foreign missionary work of the Church for the next calendar year, and to allot the moneys to be used in each of those missions, and also to the several annual conferences of the home Church, for missionary work within their respective bounds. But simple as these duties may appear to be, their proper performance requires not a little earnest study and deliberation; and they call into requisition a great amount of knowledge of facts, and a wise discretion. So extensive a field for action, and such almost infinitely varied conditions and interests can be safely administered only after careful study and enlarged acquaintance with whole range of the facts concerned, and of the principles upon which the whole system is to be managed. It has accordingly been found expedient and, indeed, essential to the highest practical effi-

ciency in the work to keep it as far as practicable in the same hands continuously. The Board of Managers, though an elective body, formerly chosen annually, now quadrennially, has been to a large extent continuous,—in some cases the same persons serving for a life-time. The Corresponding Secretaries, who are the chief executive officers, are elected for four years at a time, but there has never been a case of the discontinuance of any such one by failure to re-elect. Dr. Bangs resigned, Dr. Pitman retired on account of ill health, Dr. Durbin served till thoroughly worn out, and then was retained in an honorary connection with the office, and Dr. Harris left it only when chosen to the episcopacy. These facts are not only significant of the needs of the case, but they also indicate the proper appreciation of these needs by those charged with the ordering of these things. They also speak well for the fidelity of those who have held these important places, and have been able to command and retain the confidence of their constituent and governing bodies, as to both their abilities and their official integrity.

The General Missionary Committee is, after the General Conference, the highest authority in most matters relating to the missionary work of the Church, and both from the method of its constitution and from the positions of the men who compose it, it is probably the most truly representative body in Methodism. The whole body of the bishops are there to represent the general itinerancy of the Church; the corresponding secretaries and the treasurers are there to represent the administration. The Board of Managers and its interests are represented by twelve members chosen from its own body, and the Church at large is represented by other twelve men selected from all parts of the land. These nearly forty men may be presumed, in the persons of some one or more of their number, to be thoroughly informed at all points, and to touch upon every possible interest to be brought into consideration. Their deliberations are, therefore, intended and calculated to bring out and reduce to practice the highest wisdom and the largest appreciation of the whole subject and its demands.

This last meeting was, though apparently less earnest and eventful than some others have been, probably not less important than any other, and the results brought out in the re-

ports and discussions, though less marked by salient points, were especially interesting and highly satisfactory. The year's work has been on the whole successful, both financially and spiritually. The contributions from the Churches had slightly declined from those of the previous year, but only slightly, and the falling off had been more than compensated for by receipts from other sources, by saving in exchange, and by retrenchments, which had been made without sacrificing any real interests. The work had been maintained in every foreign field and in the conferences without unusual curtailments, and in all of them an encouraging degree of success had been achieved.

It would seem to be only the sheerest justice to award decided praise and commendation to the more recent administration of our missionary affairs. At the session in November, 1872, a policy of very liberal expansion was adopted in anticipation of a large increase of funds, especially through the influence of the "eight new bishops and three new secretaries." But the gains so liberally discounted were not realized, and the minority who opposed the policy had the very unwelcome opportunity to record their too well fulfilled misgivings. That policy resulted in a few years in burdening the society's treasury with a debt of nearly a quarter of a million, with which it has now been struggling for all the last quadrennium. The recent financial reverses found the society steadily expending more than its income, which rate of expense could not be suddenly arrested, and so it happened that increasing expenditures and declining incomes proceeded side by side. But a better state of things has been reached—the ship has got out of the trough of the sea—the debt has been brought down to comparatively small proportions, and still the work in all its parts has been carried on without any abatement of its effectiveness, and at the same time increasingly large amounts of the Church's benevolences have gone into other channels.

All these things have been matters of serious and earnest thought with those who have been charged with these great interests; nor have they failed of profitable results. The enforced economy that has been accepted of necessity has turned out to be a not unmixed evil, if, indeed, an evil at all. By a more careful ad-

justment of affairs it has been possible to conduct the work of the society at less cost without curtailing the work at any important point. With abundant funds at hand it is often quite impossible to avoid unwise and injudicious outlays, which operate to the harm rather than the good of the work, inducing an unfavorable state of things among those upon whom it is to be expended. It is not at all certain that the retrenchments of appropriations, made necessary by lack of means, have not operated favorably upon the missions themselves. It is quite possible to over-stimulate the growth of a mission to its damage. Time is quite as needful in such a work as is money or any thing that money can procure. Our missions have thus had the needed opportunity to take root downwards, as well as to spread their branches upwards; to develop their own powers and resources, to become self-reliant, which is a condition necessary for true self-respect. More than one of our older foreign missions have in former times suffered by too large feeding; but the society is learning wisdom from the mistakes of its own past experience, and no doubt it is now better prepared to use its means to advantage than ever before.

We have been especially interested in considering the financial aspects of this case, and just here, where some have seemed to see only discouragement, we find the grounds of our largest hope. It is true that there has been some little decline in the amounts contributed by the Churches—our wonder is that that decline has not been very much greater. Almost every one's income has been seriously affected by the financial condition of the country, and during the few past years hundreds of thousands of our people have wanted the simplest means of living. It is the glory and the hope of the missionary cause that it is the one Church charity beyond every other that is laid upon the hearts of the common people, and that lives upon their bounty. But if the fountain is dried up the streams must fail, and even the warmest charity can only give what it has. Many who had been accustomed to give a portion of their incomes have found those incomes cut off, or so much reduced that giving ceased to be even a privilege; and yet, through all these years of terrible depression, the inflow of gifts to the missionary cause has only slightly declined. Both the capital and the aggregate

incomes of the whole country fell off by nearly one-half, but the income of the missionary treasury by not over one-tenth—reckoned by the gold standard less than that rate—perhaps not at all. These things demonstrate to us two very valuable truths, (1) The devotion of our people to the cause of Christian missions is deep and abiding, not the impulse of an hour, not a sentiment that is easily cooled, but a steady and enduring religious conviction, which may be trusted for all times and changes; and (2) The administration of the missionary affairs of the Church enjoys the confidence of the people. They find in it a safe and trustworthy agency for accomplishing the great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature, in which all true Christians desire to have a share.

In view of all these things the outlook is eminently hopeful. There may be less of sentimental display and oratorical clap-trap about missions in the future than there has been in the past, but there will be more of deep, honest conviction, and of doing from conscience rather than from temporary impulse. Christians are coming to feel that the missionary work is an essential part of Church life, and with that conviction will come a better experience, more steadiness of active consecration, and more money.

SPECIAL attention is invited to this month's "Editor's Study." Its signature will indicate that it is the production of one who has before appeared in the same place, discussing a subject nearly related to the present one. While the editor is not to be understood as indorsing every thing that may appear in that department, he is quite free to say that he sees in the subject there discussed sufficient importance to justify its thorough examination; and so long as the discussion shall be conducted in the spirit of thorough loyalty to the Church, and all its great interests, as we know is the case in this instance, only good can come of it. It would, indeed, be a sad day for Methodism if ever it should happen that its own faithful ministers and members could not examine into its affairs without incurring the suspicion of "disloyalty." And precisely this point of the composition, powers, and conduct of the annual conferences is that to which the Church will do well to direct its earnest attention.